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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN
Illustrated Journal of
Sporing and Sensational Events

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A LASS WITH AIRY NOTIONS—A CAPE MAY BELLE, DISDAINING THE CONVENIENCES OF THE BATH-HOUSES, ARRANGES HERSELF FOR A DIP IN THE SURF UNDER HER UMBRELLA.—SEE PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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POLICE GAZETTE

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S. C. O., San Antonio, Tex.—Such items are of no use.
T. B., Amsterdam, N. Y.—May use it. If so, will send you word.

J. A. R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Have a correspondent in your place.

NAMKLESS, New Hampton, Ia.—Can you send portraits? They are of more account than anything else.

H. W., Weaversville, Cal.—You are not explicit enough. There is nothing on which to base a story. Thanks for kindness.

"ONYX," Springfield, Ill.—Address all questions relative to sport, to the Sporting Editor. You will always get a correct answer.

E. P. B., Green Island, N. Y.—Have made inquiries regarding party mentioned. The people from whom diamonds were taken have left town.

H. L. L., Brenham, Tex.—When we say sketches we mean original matter, not clippings. We can get the latter as easily as you can, and a good deal cheaper than you propose.

NEWSDEALER, Boston, Mass.—The **POLICE GAZETTE** is not returnable from the trade. We have no branch office in your city. The **POLICE GAZETTE** is published at 183 William street, New York, where all letters must be addressed.

C. C. BARDEE, R. R. News Agent, Wisconsin.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is not out of print. No "news company" has the authority to state the book is not to be had. Send to the publisher, 183 William street, New York, for your supplies.

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H. L. M., Hoboken, N. J.—If you have proof that he is practicing medicine without a diploma, report him to the police. We will save his name to add to our list. As to the other matter to which you call our attention, we shall investigate it.

THE PRESENT AGE.

This age is famed for many things. Its eulogists tell us that it is the age of culture, the highest civilization, improvement, progress, etc., etc. We are inclined to the opinion strongly that those who are so rapturous in their praises of the present age lack the true qualities of a critic—impartiality. Putting the best on the outside may all be very nice viewed from a sentimental standpoint. Practically such a course is not worth a mill. The man who takes a roseate view of everything about him, who does not see but one side of a question, is generally worthless as an authority. The present age is full of good things, and it is equally full of bad. With the virtues and improvements, vices and degradation have kept equal pace. It may shock some hopeful minds to assert that the latter elements are having the best of the race. A careful review of the situation will go far towards confirming this opinion. Careful students of life tell us that civilization tends to increase rather than decrease iniquity. We believe them.

At no time in the history of the world has crime been so prevalent as at present. The laws which govern society seem utterly powerless to check the minions of the devil in their career. Take the United States as an example.

Its press teems with accounts of murder, divorce, abortions—everything bad. The results of transgression are depicted in the most graphic manner, but the following day's events show that these reformatory efforts are not worth the paper they were printed on. Preachers wrestle with the devil with precepts and prayers, but he comes up smiling to the scratch just as lively and energetic as ever.

There is a cause for all this. What is it? Ta question flounders us. But we can make a guess. It is age of insincerity.

Of redtapism.
Of hypocrisy.
People are too mercenary.
There is too much of the "guilty but don't do it again business."

Law-makers think too much of the almighty dollar and too little of their constituents.
The agents of their wills, ditto.

Reformers and teachers of morality prove by their acts that their theories and doctrines are lies.

There is too much "big I and little you."
Too much selfishness and too little genuine humanity.

Banish these elements out of society, and then the panegyrist of the present age may gush as much as they like. They will have cause for eulogy.

The devil won't have a chance to disagree or dispute what they say. He will be knocked out of time.

GOING AHEAD.

The past summer has been an eventful one for the **POLICE GAZETTE**. Progress, improvement and excellence have been the ruling principles of its management, and the result is too patent to need any words of eulogy from us. That we should feel a pride in the success of this policy is quite natural. That our thousands of readers appreciate our efforts to furnish them with the best paper in the line of pictorial and sensational journalism in the world, is gratifying. Success when attained is apt to make one indifferent to the means by which it was acquired. Let not one of our readers fancy for a moment that we shall fall into this error. On the contrary, our success shall act as a spur to still greater endeavors. With the advent of the fall season we shall "reach out" for greater excellence. Our corps of artists will embrace the best in the profession. Several features of a novel character will be added. Nothing will be left undone to make the **POLICE GAZETTE** more acceptable, if possible, than at present.

With such a spirit actuating its management, the patrons of this journal can safely look forward to its future with pleasant anticipation. The past year is a guarantee that when improvement is promised that it will become an assured fact. Many obstacles have been overcome which makes the road to perfection easy. And we shall not halt by the way, satisfied with the present. Those who now admire the **POLICE GAZETTE** for its enterprise and merit, shall have still greater cause for appreciation in the future.

A TREAT TO COME.

"The." Allen's reminiscences next week will deal with one of the most exciting periods in New York's history. To those who have become interested in the story of this famous character's life, we can promise that the forthcoming chapters in the **GAZETTE** will grow more and more interesting with each number. We have data for facts which will reveal the secret of many strange occurrences. Do not fail to follow the thread of "his great story." It will prove instructive as well as interesting.

AS INDEPENDENT

As a King—A New Style of Bath-House, Invented by "One of the Girls."

[Subject of Illustration.]

The number of odd freaks enacted by the fair sex at the various watering places this season was increased one this past week. The bathing-houses at Seaside Park are said to be rather shabby affairs, and the guests at the hotels have grumbled at the lack of accommodation. One young lady of a very independent turn of mind resolved to do all her bathing without paying any attention to the bath-houses. So the other day she stretched her umbrella, and braced it in the sand. Pedestrians on the beach watched her ensconce herself behind the umbrella, and curiously stopped to see what she was about. She requested them to let her alone, and regard the umbrella as her boudoir. Her request was complied with. But the natural curiosity of humanity was bound to be satisfied in seeing what would be the ending of her queer actions. The people stood off at a distance, and waited patiently. They were gratified by seeing the stylishly dressed belle emerge from behind her cover, clothed in a neat bathing attire. With the characteristic dash of the American girl, she had demonstrated practically that "necessity is the mother of invention." She asked no odds of poor bath-houses, so long as she possessed a good umbrella.

A LIGHTNING-PROOF "NIGGAH."

Fantastic Tricks on a Citizen Who Was Not to be Knocked Out of Time—Yet a While.

A colored man named Burrough, living in Baltimore, Md., may consider himself lightning-proof. One afternoon last week he was standing in the doorway of a barn during a thunder storm, and was struck by lightning. The full entered his right arm, which was raised slightly above his head, passing down his arm to his right side, then dividing, passing across the stomach to the left thigh, and off at a tangent, and also down his right leg to the foot, tearing off the top of a heavy shoe. Pieces of skin were torn off at different places upon the arms, limbs and body. Moreover, wherever the fluid passed, the skin has a jet-black discoloration, with the exception of the right foot, which shows a sort of white, scarred appearance. His pantaloons were burned into shreds, hardly a piece being left of the body of the garment, and for some time after this occurrence the remnants possessed a strong sulphurous smell.

At the time the lightning struck Burrough, it threw him into the stable—a distance of about ten feet—upon his face, and also knocked down a man named Thomas Wooden, and partially stunned several other men near by. The fluid splintered a bench at the door of the stable, and a portion of the door, passing through the stable and into the basement. Finally, Burrough is not only still alive, but does not appear to have been seriously hurt.

Heralding Momus.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As the days of autumn come gliding along, Momus leaves the summer resorts with his subjects, and takes up his abode in his palace—the theatre. His avant couriers have announced his return, and the public have gladly put themselves under his sway. Pleasure is the order of his reign. Within the past two weeks several of the leading theatres have thrown open their doors. The season opens lively. Despite the hot weather, the majority of places of amusement now in operation have done a good business. Managers look forward with golden anticipation to the season. On the last page of this issue, the **POLICE GAZETTE** artist has sketched a lively picture of one of Momus' heralds. The will of her master is depicted in her face. "Let all be merry" is his mandate, and his fair courier is delivering her message with all the enthusiasm which its spirit demands.

The Father of Quackery.

[With Portrait.]

The life of "Dr." Buchanan, the bogus medical diploma peddler, has been so thoroughly ventilated in these columns that any extended account of him is unnecessary. His recent trick of feigning suicide to escape trial was the crowning act of a life of infamy. It has proved successful. It is now believed that he is in Canada. His bail was declared forfeited in Philadelphia a few days ago. The Canadians have the sympathy of everybody but the quack doctors for having so arrant a knave among them. Let them watch him closely. It is only a question of time when he will again make himself amenable to the law.

Gene.

[With Portrait.]

Lewis Gaines, a negro, was hanged at Silver City, N. M., last week. He committed a deliberate murder, was tried and convicted. His execution was notable, being the first that ever occurred in that territory, legally. A large crowd witnessed his death, and the general verdict was "served him right."

Bill Rodifer.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most notorious criminals of his time was Bill Rodifer. He began young in the ways of sin, and ran the gamut of crime. He came to a full stop recently at Indianapolis, Ind., while attempting a burglary. He secreted himself under a bed, and was shot while attempting to escape from the house.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Mlle Cornalba, whose portrait appears in this issue is one of the leading dancers of the world. She was educated in La Scala, Italy, and has appeared in all of the principal theatres in Europe. She is at present engaged at Niblo's Garden in this city, and is fast becoming a metropolitan favorite.

SEASONING.

THEY have a three-hundred-pound vocalist out in Montana whose favorite song is "Dance Me On Your Knee, My Darling!" Very few accept the offer.

BOSTON girls bathe with perfect security from sharks. They merely put on a pair of spectacles and look intellectual, and the sharks light out for deep water.

"I LOVE the very ground you walk on," said Simmins to the Widow Jones. "I shouldn't wonder," said she, "for its wuth upards of one hundred dollars an acre."

ALMOST every day somebody buys a \$6 pistol to commit suicide with. This seems the height of extravagance. They might take a passage on a New York steamboat and save \$5.

WHEN you see an old, white-haired man drop a five-dollar note into a church plate, you never imagine that in the misty past he cut his initials on the piano and hammered nails into the cranium of his sister's doll.

A CERTAIN little damsel, being aggravated past endurance by her big brother, fell down upon her knees and cried: "O Lord! bless my brother Tom. He lies, he steals, he swears. All boys do; us girls don't. Amen."

"Don't you think that the weather is very humid?" said Miss Fitzjoy as she leaned on Mr. Toplofty's arm. "Weally, I cannot say. I always, aw, go in when it rains, aw." "Then he does know that much," said she, in a very low aside.

"THE first bashful kiss," said Mr. Blubbs mournfully, "twicks like a bursted soap bubble, it's so faint, don't you see; but the good-bye kiss," he added as he wiped away a tear, "often sounds like the ripping of a clapboard off an empty woodshed."

(SCENE—a popular book store: Enter young lady, crazy to read the last issued novel, written by the lady whose nom de plume is "The Duchess," to the clerk—"Have you got 'A Baby' by the Duchess?" (Sudden collapse of the terrified but innocent young man.)

WOMEN with banged hair are deceitful. They cover up their show of intellect, and a man will marry one of them expecting to have a good-natured fool for a wife, but she'll turn out smarter'n chain lightning, and make him dance the household hornpipes.

At a fashionable party up town recently quite a party assembled to see the wedded party as they made their exit from the church. A passer-by recognizing one of the hackmen, said: "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer; "I am waiting for the tied."

"I don't think I like these mosquitoring places," said Job Shuttle, as he gazed long and mournfully at his face as reflected by the mirror. "I declare I never met so many bills in one night before. Honored every one of 'em with a draft, too. Blood money, by jingo."

"ENGAGED GIRL"—You might compromise the matter with Charlie by agreeing to let him name the first child, you the second, etc. We knew a couple that adopted this plan and it worked first-rate. They had nine children and their names were Peri, Mike, Adelbert, Jane, Rupert, Sally, Pizarro, Peleg, and Christabole.

It is not true that Bertha von Hillern has paralysis of the— Now before we complete the word let us reflect. If we go on and say "—aga," some awfully particular folks will stop their subscriptions, and if we say "—imbs," the N. Y. Observer will accuse us of mock modesty. Guess we won't finish the sentence. Anyhow, she hasn't got paralysis.

FATHER: "Here you have only been married four weeks, and almost every day you come to me with complaints about your husband. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Daughter: "But he fights me all the time." "Foolish child! Haven't your mother and me been fighting every day for thirty years, and don't we get along peaceably and quietly with each other?"

THEY were bathing, and he kept fooling around among the women. She said: "Git 'way; we don't want you splashing around here, scaring us." Said he: "Now, you'll be sorry for this. I'll go off, and you'll never see me again." Said she: "The reason you keep hanging around among the women is because you were prematurely weaned." During the laughter he went and drowned himself.

"OH, pshaw!" petulantly exclaimed Miss Lydia Languish, looking up from the last new novel in response to a summons from her mother to come and assist in preparing dinner. "Oh, pshaw! I am just where Edward de Courcy Montalbert is about to propose to the Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Claire, and wish dinners had never been invented!" And the look of supreme disgust that flashed from her eyes showed that she meant it.

A MAN in Rhode Island was cured of a bad case of rheumatism by being struck by lightning. He wasn't killed, either. We may now expect to see a "testimonial" something like this:—Mr. Jove—Dear Sir—It is with a grateful heart that I can recommend your Thunder Bolts for the cure of rheumatism in its worst stages. For seventeen years I was a sufferer; I lost the use of my lower limbs, and spent five hundred and forty-two dollars in medical attendance. Life became a burden and I prayed for death, when one of your Bolts came along and went right to the spot. I was knocked insensible, but soon recovered, and now I am well enough to run for a political office. Your Bolts contain no mercury, and don't have to be 'well shaken before taken.' For sale at all druggists'.

LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

A MAN in this state who had been deaf for sixteen years, recovered his hearing by being at a boiler explosion.

AN Iowa man sent his wife to a prayer-meeting to prepare herself for death, as he intended to kill her when she returned. She went, but didn't go back.

A CITIZEN of Davenport who prevented a girl from committing suicide, was arrested for assault and battery and fined \$10. He had grabbed her by the hair.

ON the 8th ult. Miss Annie Freeman, of Linden, Mich., gave birth to twins, which were soon thereafter disposed of, and now Miss Annie and her brother-in-law and sister languish in jail.

Two funny fellows capsized their boat at St. Paul recently for the purpose of enjoying the efforts of a picnic party to save their lives. In these degenerate days it is difficult to know who is worth saving.

AN economical father writes to his son: "My dear boy, I send you six new shirts, made from six old ones of mine. When you are through with them send them back; they will make six new ones for your little brother."

AMONG the special prizes offered by various persons to the woman who will be married publicly in front of the grand stand at the Central Michigan Fair of Lansing, is one of forty acres of land in northern Michigan. Title perfect.

MIKE TOBIN, a retired prize-fighter of Troy, N. Y., is described by a local paper as living peacefully in a little cottage with an aged aunt. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," but this is believed to be the first instance of a slugger going to his aunt.

MARWOOD, the English hangman, has retired. He has trained up an assistant in the way he should hang. Marwood has realized a fair competence, and his pupil pays about the price of a snug benefice for the privilege of stepping into the shoes of the latter.

LYNN BROCKS, aged 22, blew out his brains at Windsor, Ind., on the 5th. He was desperately in love with two young ladies, and told friends shortly before he suicided that he loved both girls and did not know which he loved most. He could not make up his mind, and guessed he did not want to live any longer.

A HUDSON river train boy who selected a countryman as a victim and "worked him" for all he was worth, was finally rewarded by this oration: "See here, young man; I don't want no books, and I don't want no fruit, nor no candies, nor no novels, but I will give you fifty cents for two corks, two small corks, to plug up my ears to keep me from being talked to death."

THE colored people of Little Rock are divided as to the needs of the soil. One congregation has been praying for rain while the other asked for continued sunshine. The minister of the wet district sent the following note to the people of the dry: "You folks oughter be ashamed of yourselves. This crosscut prayin' is enough to get the Lord so bothered that he don't know what to do."

LAST Wednesday morning a young man in Dublin, Ga., awoke from a refreshing night's slumber both deaf and dumb, nor has he spoken a word since, or heard at all. The night before when he retired he could talk and hear as well as ever he could. He remembered no unpleasant feeling during the night, nor is he affected in any other way. He is about twenty-one or twenty-two years old.

A PLUCKY Yankee woman living in Pittsfield, Me., scared a quack out of his seven senses one day last week. He had promised to cure her of neuralgia if she would lay a roll of greenbacks on the kitchen table. She put the money on the table as he requested. He then asked her for pen, ink and paper, and when she went up to fetch them he disappeared with the money. In a moment she was behind him with a revolver at his ear, and she kept it there until he had crawled back into the kitchen, put down the money and begged for mercy.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Md., has a ghost in the shape of a headless woman. The apparition comes as a woman dressed in modern mode, with a pretty waist, a well-rounded arm and tapering fingers, but without a head. Ordinarily when the ghost is visible there is only empty air where the head ought to be, but once or twice above the shoulders a vapory mist of a purplish blue color has been observed. The ghost has been seen on the street several times, and has also appeared three times within doors. Once it was seen getting into a carriage—whether a phantom carriage or not is not known.

THE London World has made the startling discovery that kleptomania is common in fashionable society, and that thefts of jewelry, furs and wraps are frequent in the ball rooms and cloak rooms of the West End. Instances were given, names and places being suppressed. Truth followed in the same strain, and told how a light-fingered lady of title stole a sable cloak from a ducal mansion; also how another lady of title lost a diamond necklace. It was said these conveyances of property could not have been inadvertent, seeing that expensive overcoats, costly lace shawls and other property were invariably replaced by shabby articles. In several cases the thieves were caught in the act, but protesting error, were permitted to go on restoring the plunder.

IN Morgan county, near Hazle Green, Ky., a most horrible crime was committed. A young man, aged eighteen, named Buchanan Caywood, a resident of Hazle Green, induced a young girl aged seventeen, named Esther Jane Oldfield, daughter of George W. Oldfield, to take a drink of peach brandy, which was so strongly impregnated with cantharides that she was immediately seized with vomiting; the interior of her throat and stomach sloughed off, and was

thrown up, with great quantities of blood, which caused her death in a few hours. Young Caywood was arrested and tried before an examining court and committed to jail at West Liberty, without bail, on a charge of murder. At one time there was some talk of lynching him, but better counsel prevailed.

MRS. PETERS, of Norwalk, O., has dropped on her husband's little game. Peters was the superintendent of a warehouse at that place, where during the evenings he has been enjoying the society of a Miss Wells. Mrs. Peters had entertained no suspicions of the infidelity of her spouse, supposing it was the increased press of business incident to this season of the year that delayed him evenings. Sunday night a friend called upon her, and told her if she had any curiosity to see the company her husband was keeping to go up to the warehouse. Mrs. Peters, being a woman, of course had curiosity, and went. She demanded admittance, but it was denied her. At last she forced her way in, and found the young lady mentioned with her shame-faced husband. Mrs. Peters immediately instituted hostilities, and attacked Miss Wells with such a vigor that that interesting young lady came very near being choked to death, and has not been in condition to make her appearance since. Peters skipped for Chicago.

It is so seldom that married people tire of each other a few hours after the knot has been tied, that a divorce case which terminated before Judge Belden, in San Jose, Cal., recently, may not prove uninteresting as affording ground for speculation. On the 24th day of February, 1879, R. H. Gouley of that city took unto himself a Normal School girl as a wife. That night they retired—a quite natural performance. The next morning she arose with the lark and took herself bodily away from the board and bed of her liege lord, staying not on the order of her going. She then purchased a ticket overland, and shook the dust of California from her feet. The forlorn husband waited in vain for her return, but she came not. Then he applied for a divorce from his Isabella on the ground of desertion. This was promptly granted by Judge Belden. At the time of her marriage she was twenty-two years of age—old enough, it would seem, to know her own business, and from neither of the two witnesses examined (the husband and another) was the cause of her leaving ascertained.

A SUIT for divorce has been filed at Owenton, Ky., by a somewhat noted character, Mrs. Fannie Radabaugh, more commonly known as Fannie Horton. Her maiden name was Fannie Razor, and when quite young she married a man named Walker, who died in a few years. She then married one Millichamp and only lived with him a few days, and afterward married James Horton, several years her junior. On an indictment for bigamy she was tried and acquitted on the ground of a peculiar form of insanity known as nymphomania. This was about four years ago, and a year afterward her husband, Horton, shot and killed one Thomas Fox, and she was jointly indicted with him for the murder, the theory of the commonwealth being that she instigated the murder. She was, however, acquitted, and Horton sent to the penitentiary, where he died last January, and five days after his death she married Radabaugh, a wandering German, and lived with him but a few weeks, when he left for parts unknown. She now for a fourth time seeks to become a widow, alleging cruel and inhuman treatment as the grounds for the law's intervention.

A CURIOUS story (says the Liverpool Courier) comes from Seacombe, one of the principal actors in it being a black retriever dog. The circumstances are extremely novel, inasmuch as the denouement is to be a divorce suit, and the dog is the party who has furnished the evidence. It appears that for some time past a couple have lived in the village with their two children, but the woman has been subjected to the most shocking ill-usage from her spouse. A few days ago, whilst he was out at work, the dog walked into the parlor with a couple of letters in his mouth. With strange sagacity it laid its burden at its mistress' feet. On examination, the letters proved to be those of an old school friend of the persecuted wife, and their contents showed that her faithless husband had a child by her, and sent her a goodly portion of his income. The dog had brought the letters from the cellar, which, on examination, was found to be concealing a large bundle, all further proving the husband's guilt. The wife's sister is possessed of the means to secure a separation, and she is going to use them. She has helped the poor woman to sell off the furniture, and the other night, when the husband came home, he found an empty house. A large crowd of women were waiting for him, and hissed and hooted him as he walked off with the dog that had brought him into trouble.

A POTTSWAMP, Pa., correspondent writes: Longwamp township, Berks county, can boast of a second "Coal Oil Johnny," in the person of a German named William Grossman. But a very short time ago Grossman was a common laborer in the ore mines in that section, and occasionally tramped the country. Great was his surprise at the unexpected news of the death of a rich relative, by which he has fallen heir to a princely fortune. Those acquainted with the man say he received some time ago \$15,000 in cash and a draft for \$25,000, with prospects of more to come. But this good fortune seems to be more than Grossman can comprehend, and his object seems to be to get rid of his money as soon as possible. A common tramp a few weeks ago, he is now the owner of seven horses, for which he paid considerable more than they are worth, and he has a wife upon whom he fairly lavishes his wealth. He has been negotiating for the purchase of the Red Lion Hotel property, and also the hotel at Nuttletown, both in Longwamp township. Besides this he is very liberal with presents. As an illustration of his liberality, he was accosted the other day while in conversation with a gentleman, by a female tramp with her occasionally associated with in his poorer days. To get rid of her he took from his pocket a \$1,000 bill, and offered it to her if she would be quiet and leave. Of course she accepted the offer.

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

PETER KENDRICK committed suicide at Boston, because he dreamed that Christ accused him of murdering two men.

THE little girl in the Chicago hospital on whom the surgeons recently attempted to graft the skin of a lamb died on Wednesday.

ROBERT BOURZUTSCHY, of Grand Rapids, Mich., had \$60,000 worth of legs. At least he broke one of them in a hole in the city sidewalk, and sues for \$30,000.

MRS. AUGUST MENZLES' little daughter strayed away from its home in Fort Wayne, Ind., and was found one hour afterward drowned in an open cistern.

WHILE a little daughter of James Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., was playing on the floor, a cupboard fell over upon her and crushed her so badly that she died in a few minutes afterward.

THOMAS YOUNG, of Perkinsville, Ind., aged twelve years, looked into the mouth of a cannon to see if it was loaded, while somebody touched it off. He lost both eyes and his face was terribly disfigured, but he will get well.

A CITIZEN of Grand Rapids, Mich., thinking he had cancer of the stomach, abstained from food for sixty-five days and died of starvation. A post-mortem examination showed his brain to be the only diseased part of his body.

HENRY BERGER, aged nineteen, was bathing at Sea View, Saturday morning, with several young friends, when a cry was heard, and Berger was seen to throw up his hands and sink almost immediately. Berger was a resident of Chicago.

WHILE a Chicago and Alton freight train was switching at the yard in Springfield, the locomotive became unmanageable and backed full speed into another train, wrecking five cars and fatally injuring Jacob Eike, a passenger in a caboose.

A CHANDELIER was knocked down in the Bauer house, Alledo, Ill., lamps burst and the floor was all ablaze. A lucky thought led to dashing a sack of flour on the oil; this extinguished the flames. It was a narrow escape of the business part of the town.

REV. SAMUEL WILSON, colored, of Onarga, Ill., intending to visit the Methodist conference at Champaign, got down his revolver and began to polish it for the occasion. In the course of time it was discharged, the ball taking effect in the abdomen and causing death.

ELMER DAVIS and wife, and a lady named Mrs. Hooper, living at Minerva, O., ate a Marietta watermelon a few days ago and directly afterward all were taken violently sick, with severe vomiting. A physician was called, who pronounced them poisoned. It is feared that they will die.

MRS. WOODSON L. GUNNELLS of Webster county, Ga., during the absence of her husband, put some morphia into lemonade, which she then gave her ten children to drink, and of which she herself partook. Three of her children and Mrs. Gunnells will die. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A LITTLE girl, the child of Alex. Thomas, of Shellsburg, Iowa, gave her father a piece of cake with a needle in it, a few days ago, to see what effect it would produce. Mr. Thomas ate the cake and went to Vinton to have the needle removed from his throat, where it had lodged lengthwise.

CHARLES EGGLESTON, a young married man, living at Rockport, Ind., killed his infant daughter, aged eight months, at midnight, by striking its head against the smoke-house. He has been considered insane at times for a year past, but a worthy, industrious man when not suffering from aberration of mind.

BETSY DAVIDSON, a girl aged twelve years, living about a mile east of Glen Mary, Iowa, while out herding cattle, was instantly killed by a shaft of lightning. The lightning cut a complete circle in the ground, about the size of the end of a barrel, and the clothing of the girl was torn into shreds and scattered for rods around.

SOPHIA BADE, a young girl only twelve years old, was arraigned in one of the police courts of Chicago last week, on the charge of burglary. The complainant, Mrs. Anna Knapp, of 188 Blackhawk street, said that the youthful burglar had broken into her house and stolen fifty-two dollars in cash. Sophia was held to the criminal court.

HARRY KEMESTER'S gun exploded at Spring-lake, N. J., driving the plug at the bottom of the stock into his head at the top of the nose. The wounded man walked half a mile to the hotel, suffering terribly. He was taken with sneezing fits, and at each sneeze brain matter oozed out. There is no possible chance of his recovery.

CARL TALINSON, a seventeen-year-old Swede who had just reached South Bend, Ind., from the old country, was killed at the Oliver Chilled-plow works, where he had obtained employment. He was grinding on an emery wheel, and it burst into pieces. One of these pieces struck him in the face mashing it in and killing him almost instantly.

AT Bodie, Cal., on the 5th inst., George Watkins killed a police officer named Whitaker, and died shortly after from wounds inflicted by that officer. A Spaniard killed John Hackwell, a miner, in a saloon on account of Hackwell's beating a waiter-girl, and John Raum killed a man named Costello, the trouble growing out of the same occurrence.

As a crowd of men were standing on the station platform at Rockdale, Pa., discussing politics one of them, believed to be John Duffy, drew a pistol and fired at Wm. Drake. The ball missed Drake and struck Thos. Conner, aged nineteen, behind the ear and killed him instantly. Duffy has given himself up, claiming the killing was accidental.

A PROMINENT boarder at the United States Hotel lost a large sum of money of money at the Saratoga Club House a few nights ago, and a check for \$490 more. This also he lost. The next day a stick-looking individual accosted the unfortunate boarder on the piazza of the hotel, inquired his name, and on being told, threw the check into his lap, jumped over the railing to the sidewalk and fled.

THE family of Frank Everts, near Rose Hill, Ill., harvested a fine crop of toad-stools, and mistaking them for mushrooms, ate freely. All became ill in a short time, and a physician was called. He found Mrs. Everts and five children, ranging in age from three to thirteen years, almost dead. Emetics were administered, with the desired effect, and after careful attention to the patients for three or four hours, they were out of danger.

MRS. MARGARET FURY, residing with her husband in a tenement house on Lily street, Providence, R. I., came to her death on the 5th inst. under singular circumstances. Two young roughs were abusing their mother under her window. Mrs. Fury remonstrated, when they commenced throwing stones at her. One of them struck her with so much force that she died in about two hours. A cursory examination of the body showed no mark of the missile.

JACOB PUTNAM, an old resident of Bellevue, Iowa, had been missing for some time. He started home with his gun, and nothing was seen of him until his body was found floating in the river near mouth of the Maquoketa. It appears from circumstances that he twisted a grape-vine around himself, tied it to his body with two handkerchiefs, placed a stone about his neck, and then waded into the water and shot himself. He has been insane for over a year.

DANIEL BRUMBACK, aged eighteen, accidentally shot Mary Fryer, aged sixteen, about six miles north of Pottstown, Pa., on the 5th inst. The load came from a shot-gun and entered the girl's head, breast and arms. Her condition is considered dangerous. She had visited a friend at the house of Isaac Clever, in Douglass township, and while there Brumback entered with the gun, which he had got elsewhere in the house. He handled it carelessly and the load was discharged.

LIZZY RUDDY, a very handsome octoroon prostitute, who came to Santa Fe, N. M., two months ago from Fort Union, killed herself last week. She was eighteen years old, and a native of Fort Leavenworth. Coming to Santa Fe she speedily sank lower and lower, and finally got to drinking. On the evening of her death she was drinking heavily, and about half-past eight placed a small pistol to her head, fired, killing herself almost instantly, the ball penetrating the brain.

HARRY CONKLIN, a fourteen-year-old son of Dr. Conklin, of Canton, O., in company with a number of boy friends were shooting at a mark in the old graveyard premises on Plum street. In attempting to cock the pistol it was discharged, and the cartridge struck Harry slantingly in the centre of the breast. The pistol being small the ball was stopped by the breastbone and lodged in the flesh, from which it can be removed. Had the ball taken a more direct course or the pistol been larger the wound would doubtless have been fatal.

A TERRIBLE accident happened at Wenonah Station, N. J., on the 5th inst. The express train due at Camden five minutes before 7 was a little late, and as it passed was making up lost time. At the same time Miss Teresa Arnell was on her way to church, and on reaching the crossing, although she must have seen and heard the approaching train she miscalculated the speed of its approach and attempted to run across the track in advance of it. Whether her foot caught in the track, as high-heeled shoes are apt to do, or whether she stumbled or became paralyzed by terror, is not known; but before she crossed the second rail the locomotive struck and hurled her fifteen or twenty feet through the air. Her death was instantaneous. Her body was horribly mutilated, her head severed from her body and both legs and arms broken.

A READY ANSWER.

How a Party of Revellers got Free Drinks.

Judge Gildersleeve in the course of a recent lecture, told a story to illustrate how quick men arrested for felonious assaults put in a plea of self-defence. A party of revellers who were at a wake one night and their whisky run short, they concluded to play a trick on the keeper of a saloon near by to get whisky, as they had no money. They took the corpse and put its working clothes on and walked it along in their crowd to the saloon in question, and all took seats around a table. They sat the corpse with its head leaning on its hands, and hat over the eyes. They drank several times around when one by one they left the saloon, the corpse remaining at the table. The landlord began to get uneasy about his pay for the drinks, when he approached the silent man at the table and demanded his money. Of course there was no answer. Again and again he made the demand, and finally, getting angry, stepped behind the bar, and seized a cudgel dealt the corpse a terrific blow and knocked it off the stool onto the floor. The revellers, who were watching outside, rushed in and charged the landlord with murdering their friend. He held his hands up in holy horror and exclaimed: "Before God I would not have hit him with the club if he had not struck at me with a knife."

A Transgressor.

[With Portrait.]

A. S. Holloway has been making himself obnoxious at Emporia, Kan., by becoming a horse thief and embezzler. The place becoming too hot for him he lit out for parts unknown. The sheriff of Lyon county, Kansas, offers a reward for his return.

WICKED WILSON.

Making a Married Woman Drunk for a Dastardly Purpose—A Sight That Made a Husband's Blood Boil.

Mount Adamson, O., comes to the front with a little bit of scandal which, for pure cussedness on the part of one of the actors in it, stands well-nigh unequalled. The house of engine company 15 is a little frame structure on Observatory street, between Pavilion and Hatch. Adjoining it on the south is a one-story cottage, occupied by Charles A. Umberger and his family, consisting of his wife and child—a little girl. Umberger is a machinist in the employ of J. A. Fay & Co., at Second and John streets.

He was rather late in getting home on Saturday night last, and, arriving there a few moments before 11 o'clock, he was surprised to find the front door open, window ditto, and not a light to be seen about. Walking through the sitting-room, and then the chamber to the kitchen, a sight met his eye which startled him horribly. There, prostrate upon the floor, in a beastly state of intoxication, lay his wife, while a man, unrecognizable at the time, was in the very act of outraging her person. The indignant husband tore the interloper from his position, when he was astonished to find him in the person of Capt. John Wilson, of the Fifteens.

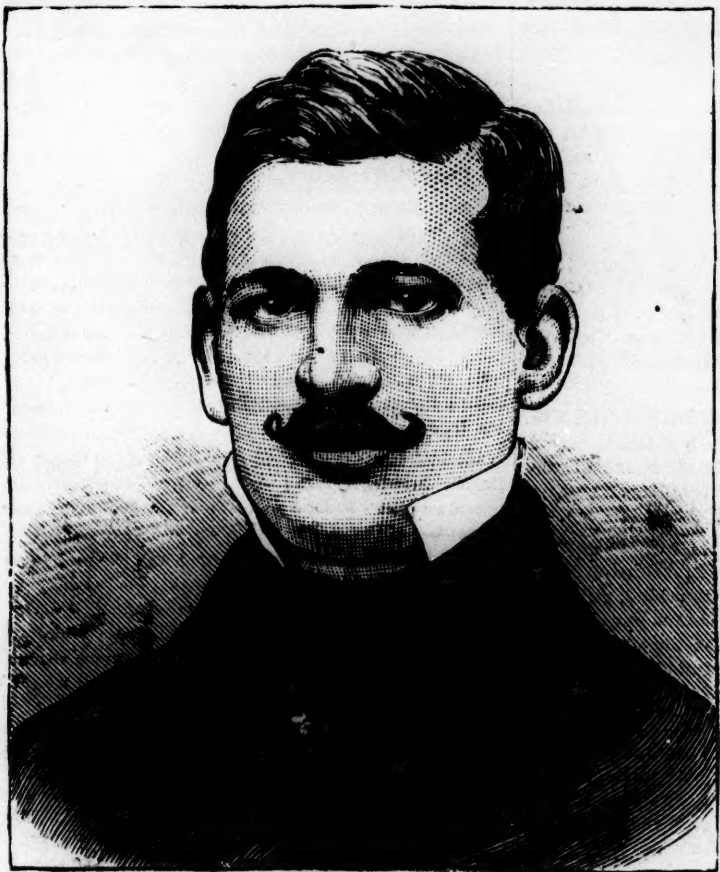
Umberger drew his revolver in an instant, and threatened to end the life of Wilson at once, while the latter only pleaded for mercy, which he cried out that he did not deserve. The wife, aroused from her stupor by the enactment of the scene about her, struggled from her position, when the truth of the assault seemed to dawn upon her befuddled brain. Before an explanation of the affair could be received



AN ELEVATOR THAT IS LIKELY TO HELP CLOTHES DEALERS AND DOCTORS
—HOW A FACETIOUS FARMER WARNS HIS NEIGHBORS AGAINST AN
UNRULY BULL; BURLINGTON, VT.

after that lady had gone home, he came over with another pitcher of liquor. There must have been some whisky in it. It soon effected me so that I went into the kitchen to lie down. I had put my little girl to bed, and wanted to wait for Charlie (her husband). I was so drunk that I left all the doors open in the house. I knew nothing else until I was aroused by somebody fooling with my person. I didn't know who it was, and thought that Charlie had got home. That was all I knew until I heard Charlie calling somebody a vile name. That startled me, and put a little sense in my head. I heard him say to the captain, 'You're a nice man, to take advantage of a drunken woman.' I believe he had his revolver out, and he was threatening to kill both me and him. I couldn't understand what was the matter, but I only could say that it wasn't my fault. I don't know whether the captain succeeded in his attempt or not. My husband said he did. That was the first time the captain ever treated me that way. He and my husband were pretty good friends, and they used to talk together a good deal. I never had anything more to do with the man than to speak to him. He got me in that horrible condition and then tried to outrage me. I drank beer, but I did not get drunk, and that is the first time I ever was so bad as that. Oh, I want my Charlie to come back and talk to me. He knows I've always been a true wife to him, and that I am not to blame for this. I have not seen Captain Wilson around here since.

Mrs. Umberger has been pretty in her day. She is apparently about thirty-five years of age, and her face still shows the trace of that day. Her eyes were swollen with crying. Eight years ago, when she married Umberger, she was a blooming young widow. She is the daughter of the late Lieut. Staley, of the Bremen street station. She has the appearance of one who indulges rather promiscuously in the cup, and in form she is rather corpulent. Captain Wilson, who figures so prominently and disagreeably in the matter, is an old-time fireman.



BILL POOLE, THE FAMOUS SPORTING MAN, POLITICIAN, AND FIGHTER.—
SEE PAGE 14 FOR DESCRIPTION OF HIS GREAT BATTLE WITH MORRISSEY.

Umberger took the amorous captain by the neck and thrust him from the door, which he closed upon him, returning to his better half, who was vainly trying to comprehend what all the commotion meant. She was a sorry sight indeed. Her clothes were all disordered, and, together with her physical condition, she was in a most pitiable plight. She could not begin to account for the action of the captain; but in a short time she so far recovered her self-possession as to remember that in the early part of the evening, Wilson had been very attentive in plying her with liquor.

The above, it is proper to say, is the story derived from Umberger.

This was quite enough for the husband, and on the following day, he filed a complaint against Wilson at the office of the board of fire commissioners, charging him with taking advantage of his wife's condition, brought about by his own machinations, and outraging her person. Umberger left his home on Sunday morning, after a sleepless night, and since then he has not returned. Mrs. Umberger tells the following story in connection with the assault:

"On Saturday night last the captain was passing by as I was sitting on the step, in company with another lady who lives across the way. He came to where we were, and afterward brought a pitcher of beer. He treated us a number of times, and,



HELL IN ADVANCE—A COLORED "GEMMAN" WHILE EXHIBITING HIS SMARTNESS IN A PUBLIC STREET, TAKES FIRE, AND GIVES HIS ADMIRERS A SPECIMEN OF ORTHODOX IDEAS OF A HEREAFTER.—SEE PAGE 6.

He has been catalogued among the fire lads for nearly twenty years. He first appeared with the Tens, later with the Eighteens, and for nearly two years he has been stationed on Mount Adams. He has a wife and family living near the engine house.

A Sharp Elevator.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Take the elevator," is the kindly-looking sign on the fence of a meadow only two miles out of Burlington. And a curious reader climbed over the fence to look for the elevator. He found it, took it on the return trip, and got over the fence in less than half the time it took him in going in. The elevator was dark brindle in color, and had a curl in the middle of his forehead, and when he pawed the ground, and talked bass, you couldn't hear nor see anything but dust and thunder.

BEHIND THE BARS.

What Came of Sleeping in Bad Places—A Drummer's Death.

Frank Travilla was arrested in Milwaukee for the murder of one Marburg, a traveling agent, at Carrie Smith's house of ill-fame, in Denver, Col., on the 18th of August. Marburg visited the house, in company with a couple of friends, and while standing in the passage became involved in a quarrel with one of the inmates over the possession of a fan, the girl snatching it from his hand. Becoming incensed, he ran after her, and attempted to take the fan away, when a wordy war ensued, in which Mrs. Smith took part. From words the trio came to blows, beer bottles being the weapons employed, and, during the progress of the row, Travilla, who was up-stairs,



JOHN MORRISSEY, CONGRESSMAN, STATE SENATOR, GAMBLER AND PUGILIST—FOR REMINISCENCES OF HIS EVENTFUL LIFE SEE PAGE 14.

came down with a revolver in his hand, and shot Marburg in the head, killing him almost instantly. Travilla in company with Carrie Smith then returned to the house, where the former dressed himself, and taking a sum of money with him, decamped, his whereabouts being unknown to the police of Denver.

A STORMY BEGINNING

Stopping in the Midst of Important Business to have a Fight.

A church in Toronto was the scene of a sad melee recently. A young man had led to the altar the girl of his choice, his friends and hers were there to witness the ceremony, the priest had gone about half through, when the father and mother of the young man entered and forbade the marriage. The son turned upon his father and made a furious onslaught upon him. The priest went to the assistance of the old man, and in consequence became an active combatant. The priest ordered the congregation out of doors and then closed them. The young woman went her way, and the young man went his—to a corner grocery, where he became drunk. In this state he went home and threatened to again thump the old man. The old man went out and took in a cargo of old rye, and then came back to face his obstreperous offspring. They shook hands over the

bloody chasm, and the result was they both went after the girl, and the youth was married to her that night under the supervision of the father. So runs the world away.

SAILOR JACK'S CRIMES.

A World-Renowned Desperado—The Returned Australian Convict Who Outwitted the Police of Europe and America For Years—Some of His Misdeeds Which Have Just Been Discovered—The Cause of His Death.

Since the death, on March last, of John Everman, alias Sailor Jack, alias Captain Jack, alias Philip Beaufort, under which last named he served in Moyamensing Prison, events have come to light in the dark history of this daring burglar, counterfeiter and forger showing his thoroughly desperate career. The GAZETTE published coincidentally with his demise a short sketch of his life from the first step in crime, thirty years ago, when he abandoned the cabinet-maker's bench to become a confederate of Cregar, Tarr, Purdy and other notorious counterfeiters down through his adventures as a burglar in the South, when he was shot in the arm at Mobile, to the time when he went abroad as companion of Colonel Buchanan Cross, the noted forger, and was transported to Van Dieman's Land for life for forgery on the Liverpool branch of the Bank of England. It also told of his escapes from Victoria aboard a ship to China, and thence to Rio and America, and of his death subsequently.

But there were dark pages in his life which were not opened, and these relate to his operations intermediate between the return to his native land from the British convict colony and his death, and this was supplied in part by his own reminiscences when he was in a penitent mood, just before his death.

When he returned to Philadelphia from abroad he was so altered in appearance that none of the police knew him. He passed for a mechanic, and managed to avert suspicion regarding his real life for several years. All the time he was perpetrating daring burglaries. He and an accomplice, named Lewis, attempted to rob a gentleman who was leaving the Bank of North America, but they failed, and after an encounter were arrested and sent to Moyamensing Prison for eighteen months. Everman gave his name as Philip Beaufort. He boasted that afterward he was never convicted again, he had managed to cover his tracks so well in subsequent deeds of crime. He was a man that stood at nothing to succeed in a criminal enterprise, like Jack Adams, who died a week ago. With fellows as desperate as himself he perpetrated a number of masked robberies around Philadelphia, known in rogue's parlance as "tieups," because the victims were bound and gagged, and often forced at the pistol's muzzle to disclose the hiding places of valuables. It appears that he was one of the gang who robbed an old lady in Delaware county during the latter part of 1875, for which "Reddy" Dittmer, Joshua Molly and Martin Lafferty were arrested and for which the two latter are now serving out an imprisonment of ten years each. One of his accomplices was the notorious Bill Fleming, a noted Baltimore burglar, who is now in the hospital at a penitentiary in Pennsylvania.

He also devised the robbery of Congressman Bachman's store near Easton, for which George Miles is now in the penitentiary.

The illness that caused his death was contracted in his flight over the mountains, subsequent to the attempt upon the Uniontown, Fayette county, Bank. The information concerning the probable spoils and the habits of the bank watchmen, etc., was communicated to Everman by a resident of Uniontown. A livery-stable keeper, who had been hired to convey the party to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Greensburg, betrayed the gang, who were surprised while inside the bank. Everman, who was naturally distrustful of his "tools," had made arrangements to get a signal of the approach of the constables. All of the party made their escape except the Uniontown man who had told Everman of the bank's wealth. Everman had a terrible tramp over the mountains and caught a cold, which resulted fatally. He died on Vine street, near Fifth, in Philadelphia, at the house of a female friend. Previous to his demise he felt anxious to clear his conscience of certain things. He sent for a friend to whom he related the startling history of a number of mysterious robberies which had baffled the detectives for years, and some others which he had committed himself and for which he declared innocent men were suffering imprisonment. Whatever may have been his sincerity, it is certain



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.
M'LE, CORNALBA, PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

his robberies. Some of these were in the hands of a down town saloon keeper, who said he had advanced \$500 on them. Their value was about ten times that sum. This man refused to yield up these bonds to Everman's father unless the advance was paid, and the police tried to get possession of them. Everman senior refused to receive the bonds and they are likely to remain in the hands of the tavern-keeper.

COULDN'T FACE IT.

A Wedding Ceremony Spoiled by a Fickle Swain—First He Would and Then He Wouldn't.

The failure of a bridegroom-elect to put in an appearance at a nuptial ceremony in the West End, Baltimore, proved a startling surprise to the assembled company, and the lady who was to have been married presented a distressing picture of disappointment and grief.

The young man is Stanley Carver, an employee of the commission house of J. M. Burroughs, Galveston, twenty-seven years of age, and has for the most part resided in Baltimore with his parents. Four years ago he fell in love with a pretty and accomplished girl, then in her fifteenth year. Just after leaving school she received the attentions of the young man, and in a short time he was her affianced lover. A day was fixed for the marriage, and the young lady began preparations for the event. One evening, however, the young man called on her, and in doleful tones asked a postponement. He said that the salary he was getting did not justify him in trying to support a wife. She said that she would try to help him, and shortly after obtained a position in a store, where she remained until six months ago, saving up her money. He returned from Galveston in the spring, and preparations were again begun for the marriage. The mother of the young lady spent about \$300 on a trousseau, and the time was appointed for the ceremony. The young lady was to be in readiness at 8 o'clock in the evening. Carriages were ordered to convey the bridal party to the residence of Rev. A. W. Lightbourne, and invitations to the residence of the minister and to the house were extended to the friends of both parties.

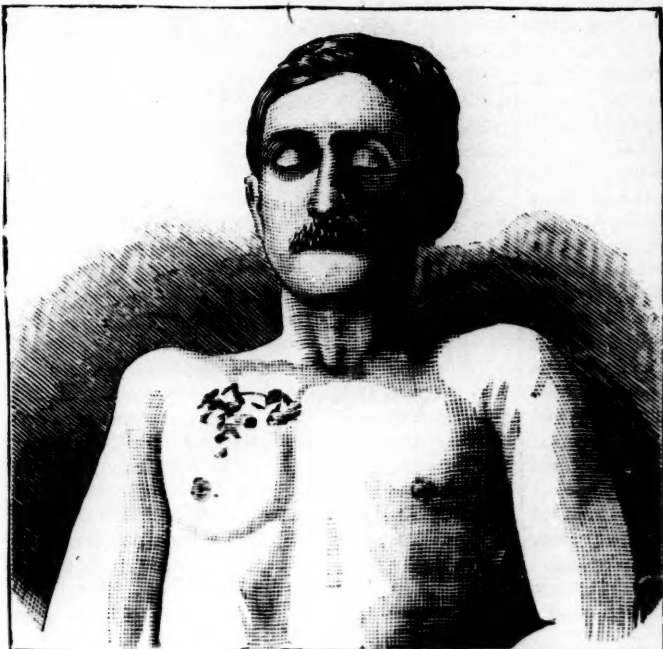
Several times in the day Carver was seen on the street, apparently absorbed in preparing for his wedding in the evening. To one whom he met he excused himself for not stopping to converse by saying: "You see I have twenty things to look after, and I must be in a hurry." About 2 p. m., he bade good-bye to his mother, and told her he was going away. Meanwhile all was bustle and preparation as the appointed hour drew nigh. Presents continued to come in the whole afternoon, and by 6 o'clock there was a magnificent display of silverware and other articles to the value of several hundred dollars. The mother of the young lady was present and assisted her daughter to array herself in her bridal robes.

Half-past 7 o'clock came, and already some of the invited guests were present, among them the groom's best man, but not the groom himself. "He will be here shortly," said the young lady, and every ring at the door-bell set her heart to fluttering. The clock struck 8, and some of those in the assembly began to suspect that the young man was not coming. They were right. He did not come, and, as the minutes flew rapidly by, disappointment began to show itself on the faces of those present. The young lady felt the situation keenly, and for a time could not repress her emotion.

A messenger dispatched to his mother brought back the intelligence that he had fled, and when this point was settled the party at the house made up their minds to make the best of their disappointment. The good cheer provided was discussed according to its merits, and the reception went on without the presence of the groom.

Disgusting Depravity.

A man by the name of Burman was shot and killed in Franklin, Miss., on Monday last by James Owen. There is a story of moral depravity connected with the affair that is a disgrace to a civilized country. Some time since Owens married into a family in which there were several sisters. After the nuptials one of the sisters went to live with the wife, and in a short time she had alienated from the wife the affections of the husband and usurped her place. The husband was criminally intimate with her, and when remonstrated with by the wife Owens refused to send her away. At last the wife abandoned her home. The rest of the story is already known. The murderer is still at large.



BILL RODIFER, FAMOUS BURGLAR AND DESPERADO; SHOT AND KILLED AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



"DR." BUCHANAN, PEDDLER OF BOGUS MEDICAL DIPLOMAS; NOW A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.



LEWIS A. GAINES, HUNG IN SILVER CITY, N. M., FOR MURDER; THE FIRST LEGAL EXECUTION THAT EVER OCCURRED IN THAT TERRITORY.

FANTASTIC FUNERALS.

Whims and Oddities of Queer People
Regarding Their Final
Disposition.

STRANGE DEATH-BED REQUESTS.

The Swill-Cart Girl Who Went to
Her Last Rest in
Style.

"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER" ETC.

Very few people are aware of the number of odd funerals occurring daily in this city. The arrangements are carried out by undertakers who have been well paid for their services, with such privacy that the facts connected with them rarely find their way into print. Not many days ago a once noted gambler died in the upper part of the city, after lingering a long time in seclusion with his wife. A few days before his death he sent for the pastor of a small church which he had recently attended, and asked him to make a written confession of the life of sin he had led. In this confession were statements of the most startling character, admitting crimes of every phase, and the number of terms the dying man had spent in prison. He made it his last request that his history, as given, should on his Sunday be read to the congregation, and the confession was read. The same man sent for an undertaker and said: "I want you to dress me when I am dead in the same suit of clothes in which I was married. Put the same three garnet stones in my shirt front and see that I make a good appearance." In this will the dying man bequeathed his brothers and sisters an equal share of his estate, with the understanding that all the funeral expenses should be deducted therefrom. His wife was not pleased with her allowance, and determined to have satisfaction. She told the undertaker to spare no expense, and gave orders to no less than three florists. After the funeral, undertakers' bills to the amount of \$2,800 were sent to the executors of the estate.

Another instance of a similar character occurred some years ago. In this case the person who died was an elderly German lady residing on West Fifty-seventh street. She had spent the early portion of her life in driving a swill or garbage cart, and made money which she invested in real estate on Fifth avenue, near Central Park. Her estate speedily became valuable. She built a number of brown-stone residences, and soon settled down to a life of luxury and retirement with a sister who was somewhat younger. Just before her death she stated to her sister that when she died she wanted to be buried in the most luxurious manner imaginable. Following these instructions, the sister sent for one of the most fashionable undertakers in the city, and asked him: "How much can you furnish one of your most expensive funerals for?" "About \$10,000," replied the undertaker. "Well, I don't think you will suit me," replied the lady; "you are not costly enough." "Well, if you want silver handles, a solid gold plate on the casket, and such like, I think I can suit you," continued the undertaker. "Yes," she replied, "I want all that, and I want fifty carriages in line, each to be drawn by teams of black and white horses. The hearse must be drawn by six white and black horses, and every carriage must go to the grave, whether it is filled or not. My sister must be nicely dressed and fixed as natural as possible."

This strange funeral actually took place, and created great excitement in the neighborhood of Fifty-seventh street.

The undertaker soon after went to the lady and presented his bill for \$5,000. "Why, I thought it would be twice as much," she said, disappointed, adding, "I want you when I am dead to bury me also, but you will have to make things nicer for me." A few months after, this same undertaker buried the second sister, but her relatives kept the bill down to \$1,000. Both lie in a vault in Woodlawn Cemetery, and within three blocks of Central Park, on Fifth avenue, can be seen a whole block of valuable vacant ground, which forms a portion of the estate originally owned by "the girl who drove the swill-cart."

Another curious religious request was that of an old gentleman who wore long hair, and was familiar to all the habitués of Eighth avenue. He was called "The Doctor," and lived on West Sixteenth street. He left it as his dying wish that eight young maidens, all dressed in white, and eight young men, dressed in black, should act as an escort to his remains. He died so poor, however, that few of his requests could be carried out. Women sometimes display a wonderful fancy for stylish costumes, even in death. Not long since a very prominent lady died, and made it a special request that she be clothed in the dress she was married in but a few years before, and her wishes were carried out. The wish to take their pets with them is another freak of dying females. A lady residing on Madison avenue, who died after a long illness, had a favorite black-and-tan, which, during her sickness, was her most constant companion. Just before her death she said to her husband: "When I am dead I want 'Tibbey' buried with me." The woman's request was fulfilled, and in her arms in the coffin was the dead body of her favorite dog, "Tibbey." Another is given where a Maltese cat was killed and placed in a casket at the feet of its mistress. A few weeks ago there died in the upper part of Sullivan street an old French re-

cluse. In one of the corners of his dark room was found standing a solid pine-wood coffin, lined with cotton and lead. In it was found a scroll, which contained the request in French that he be buried in that coffin. His friends carried out his directions to the letter. The late James Lennox was somewhat eccentric on the question of burying the dead. He left it as his particular request that he be buried with the utmost simplicity, and his funeral was not more pretentious than might be accorded a workman although he died worth millions.

A prominent dry goods merchant, who had spent all his life in single blessedness, was buried with strange surroundings, at his request, not long ago in this city. He directed that his remains be attired in full dress, a bouquet of flowers in the lapel of his coat, and that the whole interior of his casket be lined with natural flowers. At the funeral no woman was permitted to be present, nor was any female allowed to view his remains. In the house he had no female servant, and from the time of his illness until his burial no woman beheld him. He was an inveterate woman hater, and openly expressed his opinion on the subject before his death. To his physician and undertaker he had confessed that he once, when young, loved a woman, but she proved false, and he ever after avoided the sight or company of a female. "They are all alike," was always his expression when speaking of the opposite sex.

An old maid lived in an upper story in a small house in Cottage Place, near Bleeker street. She was known only by the name of "Annie," and eked out an apparently miserable existence at dressmaking. A few days ago her neighbors missed her, and on entering her room found her stretched upon the floor. She was often heard to say that, no matter what happened to her, she would not be buried in a pauper's grave. This prophecy proved true, for in the lining of her underskirts were found \$3,000 in bills. Her brother, in the upper part of the state, on hearing of her death, came to this city and buried her handsomely in Greenwood.

The burying of dead dogs and cats in the principal cemeteries is now forbidden, but not until the practice attained extraordinary proportions did the trustees of the cemeteries take action. The new idea is to bury the dog and its mistress or master together, so that in death, as in life, they shall not be separated.

A STRANGE VERDICT.

A Bad Place for Pretty Flirts to Live In
—How a Wife Spoiled Her Rival's
Beauty.

One of the recent criminal cases in the Poliers Courts serves to show that in France public sentiment justifies the jealous woman, who, noticing that her husband is flirting with a milliner, buys vitriol under pretense of cleaning saucepans, and then throws it in the girl's face, for the express purpose of spoiling her beauty. Countess Tilly is about thirty-four years of age, and both on her own and her husband's side, is connected with several distinguished noble families. Her marriage took place at Saintes fifteen years ago, and four children have been the issue. At first the union appeared to be a happy one, but the Countess falling into delicate health her husband neglected her, and eventually formed the acquaintance of a work-girl in the neighborhood, named Marie Marechal, said to be remarkably pretty. The flirtation went on for some time. At last the Countess heard of it, and determined to be revenged. She bought some vitriol, and as the girl passed by one morning on her way to work, the Countess threw the corrosive fluid in her face. Marie Marechal was taken to the hospital, but all the efforts of medical science were in vain, and in addition to being terribly disfigured for life, she has lost the sight of one eye, and it is feared will be deprived eventually of the other. The Countess expresses no regret. She says she did not want to kill her, but merely to destroy her beauty, in the hope that her husband would then abandon his mistress. The Countess' lawyer told the jury that she was the most sublime of martyrs, that her acquittal was necessary as an example and a lesson, and that to punish her would be a disgrace to society. The presiding judge scarcely dissented from this doctrine, and the audience boisterously applauded the verdict of acquittal.

A TASTE OF THE HEREAFTER.

A Shocking Sight—An Exhibition with a
Terrible Ending.

[Subject of Illustration.]
An extraordinary and terrible scene was witnessed in the Market place, Leighton Buzzard, Eng., recently. A traveling negro fire-eater was performing on a stand, licking red-hot iron, bending heated poker with his naked foot, burning tow in his mouth, and the like, and at last filled his mouth with benzoline, saying that he would burn it as he allowed it to escape. He had no sooner applied a lighted match to his lips, however, than the whole mouthful of spirit took fire, and before it was consumed the man was burnt in a frightful manner, the fiery spirit running all over his face, neck, and chest. As he dashed from his stand and raced about like a madman among the assembled crowd, tearing his clothing from him and howling in most intense agony, a portion of the spirit was swallowed, and the inside of his mouth was also terribly burnt. He was taken into a chemist's shop, and oils were administered and applied; but afterwards in agonizing frenzy he escaped in a state of nudity from a lodging-house, and was captured by the police and taken to the workhouse infirmary, where he remains in a dreadful occurrence. The sketch of this singular occurrence was sent to the POLICE GAZETTE from England.

The Chicago people think they have found the remains of a Mastodon. Perhaps it will turn out to be the remains of a Chicago belle's shoe, abandoned during the great fire.

FOULLY WED.

A Mock Marriage, a Broken Heart, and
a Dishonorable Death—The Work of a
Villain.

Out at the corner of Mangum and Magazine streets, Atlanta, Georgia, in an old open lot, is situated a dilapidated frame house of one room. In this house Mrs. Nicholls and her husband have resided for some time past, and for the last six weeks the same roof has sheltered from the storms a beautiful but wayward girl known as Mary Lou Campbell, now borne to a shelter which shall protect her from storms until time shall cease.

One year ago Mary Campbell was pure and spotless, and, with a gentle aunt as her guardian, her future looked bright. But in an evil hour she listened to the voice of the tempter, and, as the result, closed her sinful career by death at her own hands.

Left an orphan at the age of two years, she knew but little of the loss she had sustained; but the kind protection of a mother's sister was given her by Mrs. Mary Brewer, who sought to fill the place that death had made vacant. With the tender care of a mother, Mrs. Brewer devoted her time to the training of her niece, and for her labors she was rewarded, the child advancing in years displayed a love that ripened into a devotion for her guardian.

But by misfortune Mary fell into the clutches of a woman whose only aim seems to have been to work her destruction. She painted to the girl bright visions of a future, whose resplendent rays buried in darkness the humble condition of her home, and by incessant labor at last succeeded in planting in her breast the beginning of the end which she has now reached.

Through this woman Mary became acquainted with a man by the name of Pierson, and then began her downward course. Pierson, lost to all manhood, sought by every device to obtain his object, but true to the principles inculcated in her earlier life by her fond aunt, Mary resisted his appeals, but begged him to marry her.

Seeing that a failure would be the result, Pierson finally agreed to marry the deluded girl, whose ruin he so persistently sought, and about three months ago Mary became, as she thought, the happy bride of a devoted husband, and in ecstatic joy she began a blissful life. But the poor girl's happiness was of short duration.

In a few weeks she ascertained to her horror that Pierson had another wife and that she was the wife of a scoundrel and bigamist. Cursing the man who had thus degraded and debased her, she took her all, a small bundle of clothing and a pocket Bible, the gift of her devoted aunt, and to which she clung even in death, and left the wretch who had at last obtained her ruin.

In a few days she found a shelter in the miserable hut where she died, and here spent her time in repentance and regrets.

But the worst had not been told when Mary Lou Campbell was informed that Pierson was the husband of another woman. To her great grief was to be added that which put a quietus to her existence.

On Sunday afternoon she was visited at her home by Pierson, who exerted every influence he could command to induce her to return to him. The girl knowing that she was not his lawful wife, declined, and in bitter language denounced Pierson as a scoundrel and seducer, and threatened to prosecute him for bigamy. This threat frightened the depraved wretch, and in order to prevent any trouble he informed the girl that they had never been married and defied her to do her worst, and in support of his assertion, he proved that the marriage ceremony which had made her so happy was performed by a companion, who with Pierson had sought the girl's ruin. This only added to her already great grief, and made the girl ponder the end.

Sunday night was spent by her in bewailing her sad fate, and bright and early the next morning she arose and left the house. About half-past 7 she returned, and found the family with whom she had been staying at breakfast. In response to an invitation to join them, she said she did not want anything and left the house.

About an hour afterward Mrs. Nicholls went around to the rear of the building, where she found the girl sitting asleep. She tried to awake her, but her efforts were useless. Seeing her condition, the woman became alarmed and called for help. Her husband responded, and the two carried the poor girl into the house and laid her upon the bed, from which she never rose.

After quite an amount of rubbing, she was sufficiently revived to talk and tell her sad story. She said that she preferred death to the unhappy life she was leading, and that after spending the night in meditation she had determined to end it. Accordingly she went to Dr. Dean's drug store, on Marietta street, and bought five cents' worth of morphine. She then went to Sharp's drug store, and giving the name of Mrs. Davis, duplicated the order. Next Dr. Wilson's drug store was visited, and again five cents was invested in the deadly poison. Then the drug store at the corner of Peachtree and Decatur streets supplied another five cents' worth of morphine, and finally Schumann completed the twenty grains that caused the helpless girl's death. At each of these stores she gave a different name, and says she bought the morphine in small quantities in order to avoid any suspicion. When she had spent her last quarter she returned to her home, and going in the house filled her mouth with water, and, after leaving the room, added the morphine and swallowed the deadly drug.

She expressed no desire to live when told of the result, and asked that her aunt be sent for, but before she arrived Mary Lou Campbell had sunk into a

sleep from which she could not be aroused, and at 5 o'clock the next morning her troubles were ended in death.

Mary Lou Campbell, though a poor and obscure girl, clung to her womanhood with a tenacity worthy of imitation, and in death gave up her soul to its Maker rather than risk the chances of again being deluded. She was a beautiful blonde of 19 and well educated for one who occupied the position allotted to her in this world.

After her death her aunt clipped from her head one of the long curls she had fondled when Mary was a child, and taking her Bible from her stiffened fingers left the body to seek her home and there bury her sorrow.

A GERMAN GHOST.

A Visitation That Shook Up a Family of
Spiritualistic Infidels.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some weeks since a German lady of Emporia, Kan., died and was buried. There is no doubt of her death and burial. Her remains were followed to the grave, as usual, by weeping relatives and sorrowing friends. The usual ceremonies were observed, the cold cloths rattled on the coffin and the mourners dispersed to their respective homes to await the "trump's dread call" for meeting the dear departed.

A few days after the funeral, when the haze of a mellow twilight began to curtain the earth and earthly things, the son-in-law and daughter of the lady in question were startled by the apparition of the old lady's ghost. There it stood at the back door smiling and gazing steadily in the house. A shriek from the daughter and a "Gott in Himmel" from the son-in-law, and the ghostly form was gone.

Together the pair ran hurriedly to the late residence of the deceased, where the husband still resided, and told what they had seen. The old gentleman was incredulous, told them that such things could not be; that they were mistaken; that they were laboring under a hallucination, and that they had better return home and go to bed.

The old man did not believe in ghosts. But before he went to bed he looked to the window and door fastenings, not for fear of spirits, but he wanted to make sure that everything was fast against burglars!

In the middle of the night he was awakened by some noise and raised up in bed. There, by the window, with the moonbeams flooding her pale face, sat his late wife, in the rocking chair, with her elbow resting on the arm of the chair, and her face resting on her hand. The husband saw her plainly, distinctly, and, awe-stricken, gazed intently at her until she disappeared—where, or how, he could not say.

The next day he moved his goods out of the house and vacated the premises. Several members and friends of the family testify to having seen the form of the lady in question gazing through the window of the house in broad daylight since it became vacant. Of this they are very positive, and say there can be no mistake about it. They saw her as plain as they used to see her alive and well. I have suppressed names, because the family is not desirous of notoriety. They are not spiritualists. To the contrary they have always been disbelievers in the "harmonial philosophy."

WOMAN'S IDEAS OF A MONKEY.

Criticisms Off-Hand on an Event Quite
Common—Nothing Bashful About
Her.

The sight of anything maternal causes a flutter of excitement in the heart of woman. When Cole's circus was parading in Virginia City, one of the monkeys was so lost to a sense of "the good, the beautiful and the true," as to indulge in an open air acrobatic. The announcement in the Virginia papers packed the show next day in Carson with women who wanted to see the "baby monkey." His cage was next to the serpents' den and a man could not get within twenty feet of it. The monkey mother sat there with its diminutive offspring in its arms, holding it just as a human mother would have done, and nursing it. Anybody knows how a monkey looks with a dwarfish bent up body, and a face like a British tourist, but a baby monkey is simply the same hideous thing condensed and intensified. Yet in the little meagre features of the child monkey, the crowd of women saw more beauty than ever Raphael crowded into the features of his Madonna.

"Oh I do look."
"Ain't it just love?"
"How cunning."
"Oh my, did you ever see the like?"
"How I wish it was mine."
"What do they cost?"
"Isn't it just charming?"

Right along aside of the monkey was a boa constrictor forty feet long, as lithe and graceful as could be well imagined, with a body whose markings and combination of colors rivalled the rainbow, yet he was voted "a nasty thing" by the admirers of the monkey. There is no accounting for tastes.

Highway Robbery.

Two stages near the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, were stopped by highwaymen last week and all the passengers robbed. The stage going to the cave was the first attacked, about four miles east of Cave City, and the one passenger aboard was robbed. The coming the other way was shortly after met by two men on horseback, heavily armed, who ordered the driver to stop. They then compelled all the passengers to get out and stand in a line, and ordered them at pistol's point to give up all their property. The travelers were unable to resist, and had had to deliver up their valuables. The robbers took possession of their money, jewelry and watches, aggregating in value about \$1,200. After this exploit they made the victims take a drink of whisky with them and rode off.

UNCLE AND NIECE.

**A Skeleton in a Young Farmer's Home
Which Drives Happiness Away
Forever.**

AN AFTER DARK FUNERAL

**Which Goes to Prove That the Wicked
"Love Darkness Rather
Than Light."**

"A NEGRO IN THE FENCE."

Henrietta Newenham is the name of one of the most beautiful and accomplished of all Beaver county, Pa., belles. In a vine-clad cottage, all snug under the hill, about seven miles from Beaver, and away back over the hills in Brighton township, lives this fair young girl with her uncle, John Hurst, a well-to-do farmer, who has been a resident of Beaver county for nearly a quarter of a century. He was poor in this world's goods when he came to the new world from Ireland years ago, but patient, sober and industrious was the then young Irishman, and soon he had become possessed of fifty broad acres under splendid cultivation, and yielding him a harvest of grain and a wealth of fruit that ensured him comfort for all his remaining years.

He did not go through this world alone, but he had a kind and loving helpmeet, who was a faithful wife, industrious and watchful of her husband's interest. Husband and wife connected themselves with the Presbyterian Church, and none in all the county were more respected than they.

More than four years ago a sad misfortune befell John Hurst. The tender wife, who had with him amassed a competence, was stricken down with disease, and in a few short weeks the fell destroyer had done its work, and he followed her to the tomb. Wifeless and childless it is not strange that John Hurst became lonesome and turned about for some one to cheer the loneliness of his household.

Once more his eyes were turned toward the old world where dwelt those he left in early youth. He journeyed back to the little green isle and found that two nieces had grown to womanhood. In the county Kildare they lived, and stating to their parents his circumstances, he prevailed upon them to allow the young girls to return to America with him. Henrietta and Jane then bade farewell to the mother country and journeyed across the big pond with John Hurst to his home in Brighton. Intelligent girls they were, of the Episcopal faith, and happy indeed did they make the old house.

A remarkably handsome girl was the eldest, Henrietta—a true type of Irish beauty—and when her arrival had been bruited about the country there was no lack of admirers. Jane, too, was liked, and it was not a great while ere she became the wife of Oliver Hinman, one of the most stable young farmers of the township. This left the uncle, now past fifty years of age, in the old house, with but one niece with him, until nine months since a younger sister, Annie, scarcely nineteen, came over and took up her residence with her uncle. All this time none were more respected than the Newenham girls and their uncle.

A few months ago there were strange whispers going about the neighborhood. Henrietta Newenham, who never had been a wife, it was said, would soon become a mother. These were only rumors, and many termed it idle talk and the story of malicious enemies. The Hurst family kept their counsel, but Dr. Levis, a Bridgewater physician, was seen to go and come from the house.

About the 10th of August last there was a birth in the household and Henrietta was the mother of a healthy girl baby. Then the doctor's visits ceased, but not so the tongue of rumor. It was said that the father of that innocent babe was not one of the young men who visited the farm-house, but that the uncle, if he chose, could tell a story, not one either that would redound to any one's credit, but that was too horrible for belief. Scarcely three days passed from the birth of the child when its little spirit departed. It died and was buried in the darkness of night without minister or religious ceremony, but by Oliver Hinman, Jane's husband. This added fuel to the talk of the neighborhood, and it is said that one day when the family were all absent save Henrietta, one of the neighbor women entered the house, and from Henrietta's own lips heard a story that put John Hurst, the uncle, in a very improper light. There was talk of an investigation, and the story reached the coroner's ears, but nothing was done.

So the matter rested, and when your representative called at the farm-house and asked to see Miss Henrietta he was told by a lady, who afterward proved to be Mrs. Hinman, that Henrietta had suffered a relapse, and was sick nigh unto death. She was asked if she had heard the talk of the neighborhood and answered that she had, but the sister, as the tears run down her cheeks, said, "I know nothing about it. I was called here to care for my sister in sickness, and that I did, sir. The disgrace of this we all feel, but I do not believe uncle is culpable."

Did you ever speak to him or to your sister about the matter?

"No, sir, I never said a word to either one of them, and they never spoke of it to me; but I cannot, oh sir, I cannot believe my uncle is censurable. I would let you see her but she is quite sick and we fear to alarm her."

And the baby, how did it come to die?

"I don't know what the trouble was. The doctor did not come after the birth of the child."

Why was it buried after night?

"Because we thought that, under the circumstances, night was the most befitting time. My husband buried it."

Mr. Hurst, who had heard this conversation but said never a word, was now addressed and asked what he knew of the affair. He is now well aged, not especially bright, below the medium height, without whiskers and of broad countenance. "I know nothing about the matter," he said, "I am innocent in every way. No one can say otherwise. I don't know any young man who came to see my niece except one who is now in California."

Did not your niece say to one of the neighbors that you knew of this affair?

"She did not," answered the sister; "I know she never said anything of the kind."

Then Mr. Bennington, a neighbor, was sought out, and he said his wife had talked with Henrietta and she had made some very startling statements. Mrs. Hinman, when asked who was the father of the child, said to Mrs. Bennington, "John Hurst." This Mrs. Hinman denied.

Dr. Levis, the attending physician, was found at his office. "It is about five months since," he said, "when Miss Henrietta called on me, and I told her of her condition. She then asked me to care for her during her sickness, and I have done so. She never told me who the father of the child was, and when I asked the question always evaded it, but she never intimated any criminality on the part of the uncle. I do not believe John Hurst is any way guilty. There were several young men who called at the house. The child was quite healthy when born, yet it could have died from natural causes in three days' time. I have heard it said that John Hurst had made certain confessions, but I don't believe it. The case is a very sad one. All the parties are respectable, and the mental anguish of these two poor girls in the past two months has been something terrible. Keenly indeed do they feel their position. The air about the neighborhood is thick with all sorts of rumors. The parties are highly connected at Beaver, and it would be well for the family if there was the fullest investigation. There is but little doubt when the facts are all sifted but what John Hurst is innocent; but there are some who profess not to think so, and even hint at graver matters, so that the authorities should take the matter in hand for the sake of the family's good name. And though there is hardly any doubt but what the result will redound to the credit of nieces and uncle, still, for that very reason should they demand the rumors be put at rest."

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

**Loving Not Wisely, but too Well—A
Trip to Toledo on Murder Bent—Man's
Perfidy—Wanted, \$20,000.**

Miss Jessie Elliott, a handsome, well educated and highly accomplished lady of good family, twenty years of age, residing at 54 Adams avenue, Cincinnati, paid a flying visit to Toledo a short time ago, sought out a physician, confided to him the secret of her shame and secured his services for the purpose of concealing her guilt and misfortune from her friends.

A year ago last Spring Miss Elliott's sad fate brought her into contact with a young man, two years her senior, named Henry A. Robinson, for whom she conceived an affection which was apparently mutual, and a warm friendship, which afterward ripened into close intimacy, was the result. Robinson, like Miss Elliott, was highly connected and moved in the upper circles of society.

Last January Robinson declared his love for the young lady, and made a proposal of marriage, which was accepted. So far, everything had gone "according to Hoyle," but after the engagement had been arranged Robinson began to take unwarrantable liberties with his affianced wife. These were at first indignantly repulsed, but, in course of time, after they had been repeated on several occasions, Miss Elliott's firmness melted away, and she at last succumbed to her unworthy lover's improper advances.

The result was the old, old story. Miss Elliott, soon found herself in an alarming condition, and demanded Robinson's aid in helping to hide her shame. His assistance was not sought in vain. In the spring of the present year he brought his victim to Toledo, a suitable physician was looked for and found, and an abortion was successfully performed.

The guilty couple returned to Cincinnati, and the object of their visit to this city was not suspected. The engagement of the couple was known to their friends, but as time went on Miss Elliott began to suspect that the expected marriage would never take place.

Robinson's coolness toward her aroused these suspicions, and upon broaching the subject to him, he boldly declared that he had no intention whatever of making her his wife. He was not only regarded as of her affection for him, but was positively brutal in his behavior, winding up the interview by telling her to go to the place which has never yet been known to have suffered from frost. Instead of repairing to the hot country mentioned, Miss Elliott went to Major Penniman and instructed him to take proceedings against her false lover.

Major Penniman accordingly entered suit against Robinson in the Wayne Circuit Court, alleging seduction and breach of promise of marriage, and laying the damages at \$20,000. A capias was issued for Robinson's arrest, with bail indorsed by Commissioner Randall at \$3,000. In the affidavit attached to the writ Miss Elliott states the facts above recorded.

When the matter comes up for investigation, the name of the Toledo physician who played such an important part in the unsavory affair will necessarily be divulged. In the meantime speculation will be the order of the day.

TWO DIAMOND NECKLACES.

**Stolen From a Paris Shop Window and
Traced to New York—A Steerage Pas-
senger That Robbed Herself in Silks on
Her Arrival—An Ivory-Handled Re-
volver—Detective McManus' Clues.**

On Nov. 29, 1873, the great jewelry store of Charles Fontano & Co., in the Palais Royal, in Paris, France was robbed of two diamond necklaces valued at 50,000 francs. While many persons were admiring the diamonds and other precious jewels in one of the large show windows, a man in ragged clothes pushed his way through the throng and hurled a stone through the window. Before the bystanders recovered from their surprise at the bold act, the man had put his hand through the hole in the window, seized the two diamond necklaces and fled. A minute later he was pursued. He met a man who ran with him a few yards, and they then separated and ran in opposite directions. The one who stole the necklaces was captured. He had got rid of the jewels. The other man escaped, but eight weeks later he also was caught. The prisoners were Bulgarians, and they said their names were Kalitcher and Storijsche. When they were tried before the jury of the Seine, the Judge said that Storijsche had been a professor of mathematics in Bulgaria, and that Kalitcher was educated in France at the expense of the Ottoman Government. After traveling in every part of Europe, the Judge said, Kalitcher returned to Paris to rob Fontano & Co. The Judge then sentenced Storijsche and Kalitcher each to fifteen years at hard labor in prison.

Meantime the police had made great efforts to recover the missing necklaces, and also ferret out the accomplices in the crime. It is now believed that there was a woman in the game, but the police failed to find her. One of the stolen necklaces had thirty-six large brilliants, and in the other there were thirty-two. Attached to both were pendants set with large diamonds. One of these was found in the Palais Royal after the robbery was perpetrated and it was returned to the owners.

One evening in March last Detective Andrew J. McManus, while in the store of Potiaux & Connelly, French florists, 275 Mulberry street, Newark, heard a French jeweler say that a woman had come from France to sell diamonds in Newark. Having disposed of the diamonds, she had returned to Paris. The detective knew there are female diamond brokers, but he resolved to investigate the case privately. He soon learned that the female broker arrived from Europe on Feb. 26 last in the steamship Labrador, and returned in the same ship on March 4. She bought a steerage ticket when she quitted France, but in the course of the voyage she got into the cabin by volunteering to attend an invalid lady. She landed at Castle Garden as a steerage passenger. She went to a hotel, and two hours later she quitted it dressed in silk and wearing diamonds. On the following morning she secured lodgings with Mrs. Clotilde Lemeuill, who keeps a fashionable boarding house at 212 Mulberry street, Newark. She said she was Miss Marie Bengalt, of Paris, and that she came to Newark to sell some of her valuable jewelry. After employing a young French woman to act as interpreter she began operations. She was pretty, only 22 years old, with brilliant black eyes and an olive complexion. She dressed richly, was free in spending her money, and bore herself as a high-bred lady. On the morning after she arrived in Newark she went to Emil P. Spahn's photograph gallery, where she sat for a dozen of vignettes. She said she would call for them in two weeks. While in the gallery she pulled several large rolls of money from her pocket and displayed them carelessly. A lady asked whether she was not afraid to carry so much money.

"No," was her reply, in French, as she drew a tiny ivory-mounted revolver from her pocket. "I can take care of myself. The person who attempts to rob me I will shoot dead."

Miss Bengalt, with her interpreter, was next heard of at the jewelry manufactory of Durand & Co., where she offered a number of diamonds for sale. She had taken the diamonds from two necklaces on her arrival in Newark. The plates she sold to a young French jeweler who set a diamond in a ring for her. She had purchased an opal ring and a brooch in Newark, and had the opal taken out and replaced with diamonds. As she could not give Durand & Co. a satisfactory explanation of how she got possession of the diamonds they refused to purchase them. She then asked for the names of the leading jewellers in New York. After quitting Durand & Co. she tried Carter, Hawkins & Sloan, Richardson & Bros., and other wealthy manufacturing jewellers. None of the firms would buy of her. She then came to New York. She sold the diamonds from one of the necklaces to a firm of jewellers in Broadway, and the diamonds from the other to a firm in Maiden Lane. She was paid \$2,500 for each necklace. Then she started at once for Paris, but she told her interpreter to forward her photographs to Valentine Bengalt, 55 Rue Le Courde, Fifteenth Arrondissement, Paris.

After Detective McManus had thus far tracked Miss Bengalt, he intercepted one of her letters, and thereby learned who had the plates of the necklaces. As soon as he secured the plates he had them photographed and sent one of the photographs to Fontano & Co., in Paris, with the address of Miss Bengalt. The day after the photograph was received by Fontano & Co., they had it handed to M. Mace, the chief of police of Paris, who had Miss Bengalt arrested. In her possession was found 19,500 francs. Then Fontano & Co. wrote to Detective McManus and Durant & Co., asking them to recover the diamonds if possible. The detective traced the diamonds from one necklace to the Broadway house, where he was told they would send Fontano & Co. the \$500 profit they made on the sale of the diamonds. The Maiden Lane firm, according to the detective, gave him no satisfactory answer. Under date of August 9, Fontano & Co. wrote to Detective McManus, "Thanks to your intelligent intelligent investigation, you have discovered the true trace of the diamonds which had been stolen from

us." A few days ago Detective McManus received a complimentary letter from M. Mace, the chief of police of Paris, and a commission to work up another diamond case.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

**The Story of an Elopement and a Dis-
appearance—A Marriage Concealed for
Six Months.**

Quite an interesting little social romance came to pass in Louisville, Ky., not long since, the facts in the case being, to say the least, rather out of the ordinary run. The heroine is Miss May Mariner and the hero Mr. Lemuel Leonard. The young lady lives with her parents in a very fashionable portion of the south-eastern section of the city. Her family is an eminently respectable one well to do, and liked by their neighbors.

Last fall our hero, who was a widower of some forty years, was in the habit of calling frequently upon our heroine, and in the course of time a warm affection sprang up between them. The young lady seemed fascinated with her beau, and soon thoughts of marriage entered their heads. But the father of the young lady had taken a dislike to her lover on account of the latter's shiftless character, and it was at once seen that their plans of union would meet with paternal opposition. So an elopement was planned.

On New Year's Day, the first day of leap year, our loving couple slipped across the river to Jeffersonville, Ind., sought out a squire and were wedded. They returned to Louisville, the bride went to her father's house, the groom went about his business. In some way the marriage was kept from the papers, and the old folks were kept in blissful ignorance of the whole transaction. The new-made bride behaved herself as if nothing unusual had happened, went out in company with other young men, and in short, did all she could to make it appear that she was still unmarried. Her husband came to see her frequently, and spent many of his evenings in her company, but her parents never once suspected the truth.

Suffice it to say, that this state of things actually continued six months and over, and during all this time the young lady's parents had their eyes blinded. But by this time the marriage had, in some manner, leaked out and become known to a few of Mr. Leonard's friends. He saw at once that his long preserved secret would be disclosed. He did not care to face the anticipated anger of Mr. Mariner, father, and Mr. Mariner, brother, knowing their dislike to him, and the next morning found him in a railroad train leaving Louisville behind as fast as steam could carry him. He finally turned up in Colorado, and wrote a letter to his wife, telling where he was, and to her father, disclosing the marriage. Mrs. Leonard received her letter first, and when she saw her father get his, she knew the denouement was coming and ran and locked herself up in an upper room. Of course Mr. M. was thunderstruck on receiving the unexpected information.

He lingered some time between amazement, disappointment and anger, and went to seek his daughter. She at first, in her excitement, refused to let him in, but after some parley the door was opened. The young lady frankly confessed that she was married, but would give no reason for her action. The father, not even satisfied with her avowal, visited Jeffersonville, searched the records of the magistrate's court, and found that it was even so.

The crisis of the matter occurred about a month ago. The young wife is living quietly at home, and her husband is in the West. So far as known, there is no prospect of a reconciliation, and a divorce suit is among the possibilities in the course of time.

THE SERVANTS' REVEL.

**The Carryings-On in a Gentleman's
House during His Absence—A Raid on
the Wine-Cellar.**

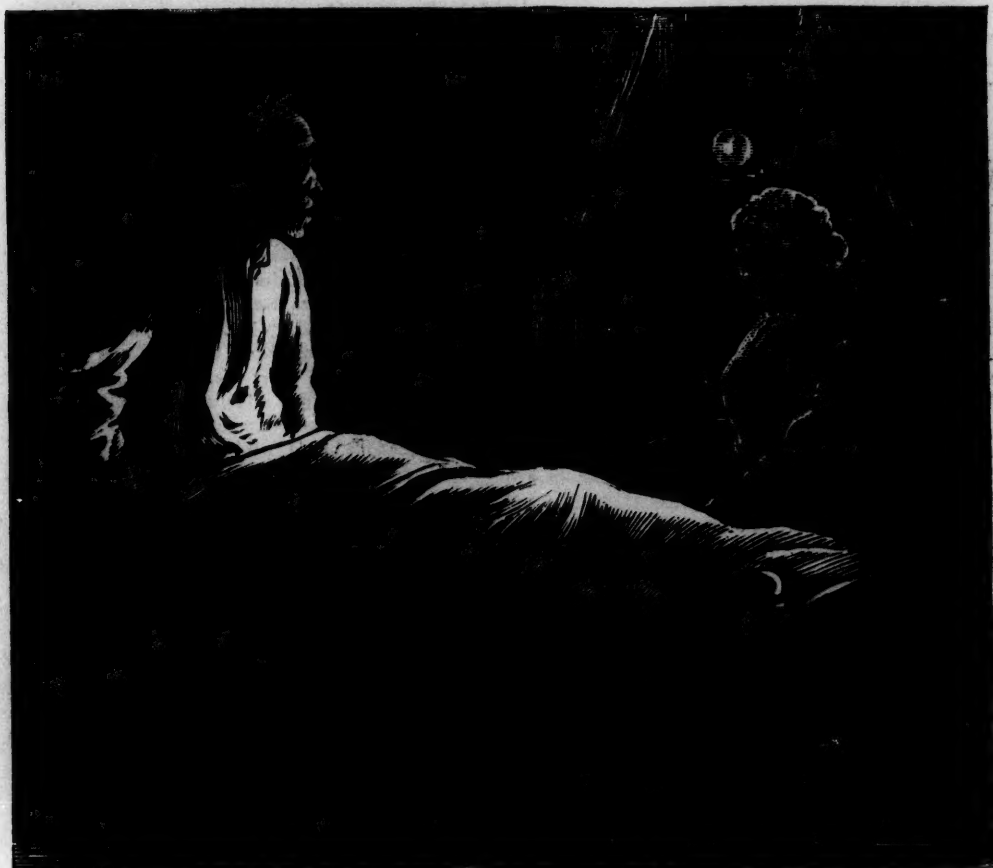
[Subject of Illustration.]

Freedom of restraint in all things is freedom indeed. A party of servants in a fashionable mansion in this city enjoyed that delightful feeling for a short time. The master and mistress of the establishment went off for a week's sojourn in the country. Bridget was left sole mistress of the grand mansion and all it contained. She determined to celebrate her newly-acquired dignity in a befitting manner. She had seen her mistress entertain her friends, and concluded to imitate her. Invitations were sent out to a number of her cronies, and every one responded. She received them all in the parlor. The centre table was filled with bottles of the choicest liquors, and her friends thought for a time that their hostess had gone crazy with extravagance. "The devil a pint did the drinking cost me," was the way she set them at ease on this point. "Help yourselves, and be sociable." The company obeyed. They were in the midst of plenty, and true to the nature of their nation went in for a good time. "Lashins" of champagne flowed down their throats, and the spirit of mirth waxed warm. The rollicking airs of old Ireland were sung as only a native can sing them. Jigs were danced, and stories of days in the Green Isle were told over again. It is doubtful whether that grand parlor was ever the scene of so much genuine mirth. "Eat, drink, and be merry" was the motto of the evening; the morrow could take care of itself. And it did in a sorrowful way for Bridget. Her master came home unexpectedly, and saw the debris of the night's spree. She was too much overcome by the duties of a hostess—or something else—to clear things away before retiring. There was a row. You can see Bridget, the coachman, and the rest of the help staff of that house in an up-town intelligence office any time you drop in. None of them have "references from their last place of service."

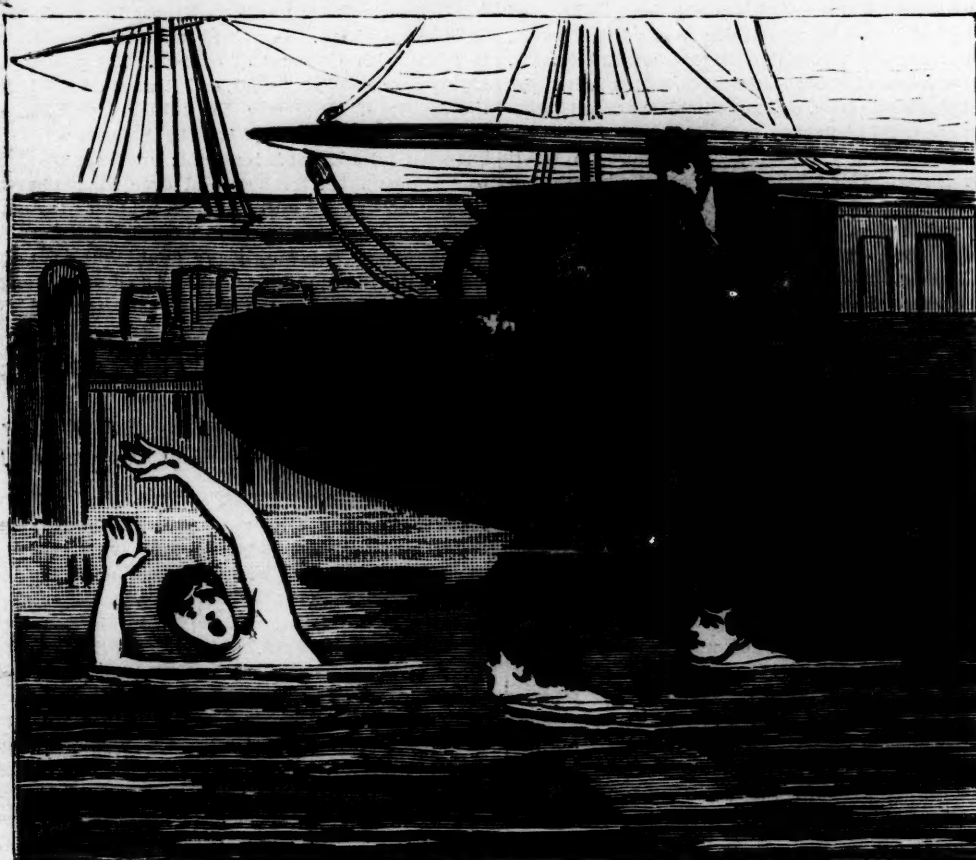
A St. Louis girl who declared that she was going to make footprints on the sands of Time, was advised to let the contract for hauling the sand at once.



BETTING ON SPACE—AN EPICUREAN BELLE WAGERS THAT SHE CAN ANNIHILATE 100 OYSTERS AT A SITTING, AND ACCOMPLISHES THE FEAT WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH; NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 10.



SHE WOULD NOT DROWN—A BEREAVED HUSBAND WAKES IN THE NIGHT AND SEES (OR THINKS HE DOES) THE GHOST OF HIS "DEAR DEPARTED" WIFE; EMPORIA, KAN.—SEE PAGE 6.



A CAPTAIN OF A SCHOONER AT WILMINGTON, DEL., MODEST BUT BRUTAL, SHOOTS FOUR LADS WHO WERE SWIMMING NEAR HIS CRAFT.—SEE PAGE 11.



ELEVATING THE FANTASTIC TOE—THE EXHILARATING STYLE OF AMUSEMENT WHICH THE ENTERPRISING PROPRIETRESS OF A DENVER (COL.) BAGNIO FURNISHES NIGHTLY FOR HER PRIMITIVE PATRONS.—SEE PAGE 10.



WHEN THE MASTER AND MISTRESS ARE AWAY THE SERVANTS WILL PLAY—A SCENE IN A FASHIONABLE RESIDENCE—"MAKE YERSELVES SOCIABLE; THE DEVIL A CENT WILL IT COST YE."—SEE PAGE 7.



A RIDE TO THE UNKNOWN—A JOCKEY IS THROWN FROM HIS HORSE AND FATALLY INJURED, AND RECEIVES SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION ON THE RACE-COURSE, HIS FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS KNEELING ON THE TRACK DURING THE SAD CEREMONY; CONEY ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 10.

"THE VARMINTS."

A Queer Feast, With Blood, Fire and
Misery Thrown in by Way
of Variety.

A STRANGE CEREMONY.

Costumes Which Would Suit Ad-
mirers of Ballet
Dancing.

A TERRIBLE TEST.

PRINCE ALBERT, Northwest Territories, August 31.—On a beautiful spot on the banks of the Battle river, commanding a magnificent view of the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, the Indians of this section held their great "thirst feast" last week. Parties of Assiniboines, Crees and Sioux have been encamped there for several weeks making preparations for the festival, which is partly of a penitential and partly of a propitiatory character, the peculiarity of the ceremonial being that the dancers must not eat, drink or sleep until it is over—a length of time varying from two to four days. On this occasion it was only for two days.

In order to fully carry out the festival it was necessary to erect a temple, and this was effected with the ceremonies usual to savage species of this description. As the first duty was to procure a centre-pole, between forty and fifty warriors, each on horseback, with his squaw behind him, set out for the woods in search of them. Preceding them was the medicine man, in a ragged United States military coat, probably brought from one of the posts south of the line, his head ornamented with a mass of porcupine skin and swan feathers. He carried in his hand a tin pan, which he beat with a stick, while he and the chief who followed him made hideous noises to drive away the evil spirits. A tree suitable to their purpose was at last chosen and was approached with whoops and the firing of guns. In a very short time it was felled, and the warriors, ranging themselves on each side of the trunk, attached their lariats to it and drew it into camp, amid the yells of the savages. A select few appointed by the medicine man then raised it in position, the proceedings being accompanied by incantations and much noise—the one for invoking blessings and the other for driving away evil spirits. The temple, a tent, was then erected around the pole. It was circular in form, fifty feet in diameter, with walls six feet high, the apex of the roof being thirty feet from the ground. The sides and roof were composed of buffalo skins. Inside four poles were constructed, with walls about three feet high, two for the male and two for the female dancers, who are usually young people, who had, when in imminent danger of their lives, vowed to perform this service out of gratitude to the Great Spirit. The dance is merely a jerk of the body and a series of contortions, without any motion of the feet.

The medicine man announced everything ready, and the dancers, to the number of about forty, male and female, took positions in the pews. The bucks wore feathers in their scalplocks, and displayed a style of costume not yet adopted in civilized society. They had nothing on but a coat of paint. Some of them were freckled gorgeously and tastefully, but others, probably the married men, had put on their color carelessly and hideously, as if they cared not whether the girls smiled upon them or spurned them. The squaws, however, had completed their toilets with much care, and appeared on the scene with their finery displayed to the best advantage. They moved about among the painted braves with perfect indifference, and gave no sign that the airiness of their lovers' dress offended them in the least. The orchestra, composed of half a dozen chiefs armed with drums made of deer skin, took its place at 10 o'clock Thursday night, and, to the grunting of the medicine man, chief musicians, and head men, and a wild song from the dancers, the ball opened.

Each dancer was provided with a whistle made from the wing bone of a goose, ornamented with feathers and colors. As they jumped about they sounded shrill notes upon their instruments, which, blending with the whoops, yells and monotonous drumming, fell upon the civilized ear with startling effect. Hour after hour the dance was kept up, the only intermission being at the will of the drummers, who were relieved at intervals. At times the surging and noise subsided, and a wise man in a see-saw tone recited tales of heroism for the edification and emulation of the young. During Friday and Saturday the warriors gave many exhibitions of their power of endurance. A muscular warrior stood unconcerned while a couple of chiefs stuck long skewers through the flesh of his shoulders. The lines of a horse were attached to the skewers, and the warrior was told to lead the animal around until the flesh gave way. With blood streaming down his back and breast, and mingled with the paint upon his dusky body, the enduring savage walked around for a couple of hours without a murmur. Though the flesh of his shoulders tore in the direction of the neck, yet it did not give way, and the medicine man, with much ceremony, unloosed the hero, who sauntered off with a grunt of satisfaction.

The next act on the programme was more startling than the last. A young buck was introduced, and allowed two skewers to be thrust through the flesh on his breast without wincing; two lariats suspended from the roof-pole of the tent were fastened to the

skewers. He then began to swing around the tent as far as the lines would allow him, throwing his whole weight upon the lines in his endeavor to break loose. The dancers danced, and the drummers drummed with renewed vigor while this exhibition was in progress.

After several hours' exercise he demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that he was a tough young man, and was loosed, amid grunts of approval. Another heroic scalper had three pegs driven into him—two in his back and two in the back part of his arms. Four guns were hung upon the pegs and he walked around and flirted with the girls as if nothing bothered him. A party of Assiniboines, painted to the eyes and armed to the teeth, appeared, and gave an exhibition of how they killed their enemies. They threw their knives and guns about so carelessly, and attacked each other so fiercely, that the few white spectators began to think that the fight might spread, and felt uneasy for their scalps. The cock of the walk was a young Assiniboine chief. Over his shoulders he wore the skin of an American lion, killed single-handed by himself. Pendant from the skin were ten lariats, showing that he had captured or stolen the horses. He strutted proudly around with his ten tails dragging behind him, and received with composure the admiration of his companions. Horses, blankets, knives, fire-arms, fancy lariats, skins, and other articles were given as offerings to propitiate the Great Spirit, many giving all they possessed that their children might be brought into the tent and blessed. The dance was kept up from Thursday night until Saturday, when the medicine made "medicine" for rain, and in an hour it came a perfect down-pour—testifying that the Great Spirit was pleased with the festival.

After the dance came the dog feast. It is supposed by the innocent rovers of the plains that the eating of a dog's liver, without regard to the quality of the dog, makes them strong-hearted. The temple used in the "thirst" dance was taken down, with the exception of the centre-pole, around which the warriors seated themselves in a circle and enjoyed a social smoke. Suddenly a cry was given and the warriors sprang to their feet, and commenced circling around to the dismal beating of a drum. The quivering carcass of a dog was thrown within the circle by a woman, and the men whooped in ecstasy. The carcass was cut open, the liver torn out, and hung by a thong from the pole. The warriors, one by one, stepped up and took a bite of the yet warm liver, and marched off happy. As soon as one liver was consumed a fresh dog was thrown into the circle and the stock of liver replenished. As the white spectators took to their buck board and drove off at the third liver, it could not be ascertained how many dogs it took to go around.

"THE FLYING SCUD."

He Reached the Final Point—A Strange
Scene on a Race-Course—The Ride to
Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Brighton Beach, on the 1st inst., in the hurdle race one horse, L L, was mounted by a lad named Kearns, who had worked around the stables for a few weeks. He had ridden in but one hurdle race before. When he reached the back stretch L L was third in the race. Leaping a hurdle, his feet caught in the top, and he went over in a somersault, Kearns striking head first on the track, the horse falling on him. The horses following dashed over the hurdle, while a chorus of "ohs!" arose from the crowd on the other side of the track. The horse soon arose and walked away, but his rider lay motionless in the dirt. Many thought he was dead, and a string of jockeys, stable-boys and idlers started across the field toward the boy.

In the line towered the tall form of young Father Dougherty. With the natural love of his countrymen for horse-racing, he had been watching the equine contests. When the Father came to where the boy lay, with his bloody face turned toward the sky, and his lilac and red colors colored with dirt, he saw that the boy was insensible and apparently dying. Requesting the jockeys, stable-boys and others to kneel, the Reverend Father offered up a prayer for the boy, anointing him and performing other services of his church for the dying. The scene was strikingly impressive. Horsemen and riders who had never knelt in prayer before obeyed the request of the Father, their bronzed, earnest and hard faces softening in sympathy for the crushed jockey. The boy died soon afterward.

LADY GAMBLERS AT SARATOGA.

Hitting a Combination on the Strength
of a Jockey's Suit.

A Saratoga, N. Y., correspondent attendant upon the races, writes: "The French pool, with its tickets at \$5 each, furnishes a means for ladies so inclined to enter the wagers. Two elegantly-dressed daughters of a well known Wall street operator said to day, in an undertone to their escort, 'Go and get us two for Dan K; and the tickets paid each \$24.30' pin money' for the young ladies, for Dan K. was the winning horse. They picked out their favorite steed solely because they fancied the maroon suit of the jockey; and, with woman's reputed instinct, made a hit. 'Don't tell me,' was their final injunction to the dainty young gent, who seemed only too glad to get their tickets, and later to hand over to them their money. I am told that ladies often, by proxy, buy these pools. 'If their fathers in Wall street, why not they at Saratoga,' I should suppose would be their only apology. Betting, and justly, too, killed the Saratoga intercollegiate boat races which had such prestige here ten years ago. What shall permanently stem the flood of this Saratoga gambling is a query that has already too long remained unanswered. It is the one great blot on a summer life at Saratoga."

THEIR DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

Mrs. Brown and Her Paramour Sen-
tenced to be Hung—A Rare Occur-
rence.

Judge Heller, in the criminal court at Indianapolis overruled motions for a new trial in the cases of Mrs. Brown and Joe Wade, convicted of the murder of Mr. Brown last spring, and sentenced them to be hanged on the 27th of October, at noon. If their executions are not postponed they will make five which Sheriff Pressley has conducted, he having hung Achey, Merrick, and Guetig last year. Mrs. Brown looked remarkably well, being attired in full black dress, with bonnet and gloves to match. When the court began the delivery of his opinion she attended closely to what he was saying, but, as it became slightly tedious and necessarily technical, she lost her apparent interest in it, and her eyes wandered unconcernedly over the court-room. Wade, on the other hand, paid the strictest attention to the judge's remarks, and his interest never flagged during their delivery. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed, Wade stood up and spoke, saying: "Yes, sir, I have. I don't think there was sufficient evidence to convict me of this, and I defy not only Indiana but the world to bring anything against me before I got acquainted with this woman. It looks to me as though one woman's oath in this case should be just as good as another. I don't think there is any difference in the women at all. This lady that testified as to what Mrs. Brown had told her after I was convicted—I don't see but what her oath should be as good as Mrs. Brown's. I cannot see any difference in the two. I think that when a man is on trial for his life that he should have as good counsel to defend him as to prosecute him, even if the state does have to defend me. I won't say anything against my attorneys at all, only they are not experienced men, and I think when a man is on trial for his life he should be properly defended. I don't consider that I have had a fair trial."

The reference to what the other woman had said was the statement of the woman as to the confession of Mrs. Brown that she killed her husband, which was one of the causes for a new trial. His reference to his attorneys is unwarranted, for they did all that any men could have done, as the court told Wade. Mrs. Brown said she had nothing to say, only she was innocent and did not think she had had a fair trial. Wade received his sentence coolly, but Mrs. Brown was so overcome that when she reached the jail she fainted. She remained prostrated for some time, but later partially recovered, although she is still under great mental excitement. A slight fever has succeeded her prostration, and she keeps her couch constantly. She says she went into the court-room determined to bear up under the ordeal, but that Wade's actions and speech unnerved her completely. She still protests her innocence, and says that Wade killed her husband in order to obtain her and his (Brown's) property.

Scores of ladies called at the jail to see her, but were forbidden entrance.

In an interview at the jail Wade said he had nothing new to say. "If I had been Warren Tate, or had his money at my disposal, the result would have been different. Justice is a queer thing in this country." He observed further: "I am a poor man and have no means to carry my case further, and whether it will ever reach the Supreme Court I don't know." In parting Wade said: "They can take my life, but they can't take away a free conscience." Wade's attorneys will endeavor to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Brown's attorney expressed himself certain that she would never be hung. She is the second woman sentenced to death here, the other one being thirty years ago for the murder of a peddler. Public sentiment is generally in favor of the execution of the law in these cases. The murder was an atrocious one, and there is no doubt of the guilt of both parties. The portraits of this unfortunate pair were published a short time since in the POLICE GAZETTE.

SQUELCHING A NUISANCE.

A Fight Prevented by a Hanging Bee—A
Young Man Who Was "Too New."

Several years ago there came to the quiet village of Commercial Point, Ohio, Thomas McDonald, a bright, handsome, loud-talking young Kentuckian, who for want of other employment went to work upon a farm. He soon fell in love with a young daughter of William Decker, the head of a prominent family, or else the handsome farm which was the young woman's personal estate. McDonald's dare-devil way did not suit Decker, but McDonald stole the girl away one night and married her. Soon after he became a dissipated loafer, a brawler and wife-tormentor of the first water. He refused to work, and spent his time in fighting and carousing. McDonald's loafing place was a saloon and corner store kept by Martin Beaver, and one of his little jokes was to go to this saloon, revolver in hand, drive out the clerks and help himself and friends to whatever they wanted, without even putting it on the slate. This pleasantry grew monotonous, and three weeks ago Beaver gave McDonald a terrible beating. On Monday night McDonald came to this saloon with a long knife, swearing he intended to kill Beaver and burn his house. Beaver and McDonald clinched, and a terrible battle ensued, during which McDonald had an eye gouged out and was otherwise badly injured. McDonald was taken home more dead than alive, but still praying for life to allow revenge. That night a party of masked men came to McDonald's house, took him from bed, and without ceremony hanged him to a tree in the woods near his home and left him swinging in the breeze, a dead man. When found in the morning his body was entirely nude except a piece of undershirt which covered a small portion of his shoulders. Who the men were who composed the mob no one seems to know or care, and public sentiment where

McDonald was best known was so much against him that there is no probability that an effort will be made to arrest the guilty parties. Esquire Durret, of Genoa township, says McDonald has long been the terror of that neighborhood. He habitually insulted ladies and maltreated their escorts, and was a nuisance generally. About five years ago he was dangerously wounded while at Plain City, for insulting residents there. He was afterward arrested for arson but escaped, and has since been the principal in many bloody rows. While citizens of Commercial Point express regret that mob law should have been evoked to rid the world of this man, yet all express satisfaction that his career is over, and justice will probably wink at the manner of his taking off.

THE CAN CAN IN DENVER.

How "Some of Our Most Respected Citizens" Spend their Evenings in the Gay Town of Denver.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

DENVER, COL., Sept. 4.—In this beautiful city of the West the devil is fast gaining ground. Drunkenness and prostitution are becoming alarmingly prevalent, and if not checked will make Denver on a par with the worst cities of the Union in vice. The neighborhood of Halliday Street is the stronghold of sin. The stranger, no matter where he comes from, if his tendencies are evil, gravitates toward this locality as naturally as a duck takes to the water. On this street are located the fashionable palaces of sin, the most notorious of which is presided over by Madam Minnie Clifford, who takes pride in saying that she is the only Madam in Denver in whose house the infamous dance known as the "Can Can" is performed. She openly boasts that her best patrons are married men, many of them bald-headed and grey, who frequently remain till three o'clock in the morning. She has seven "soiled doves," whose names are: Della Thompson, Ida Charleston, Marian Custer, Ada Courtney, Lillie Thorp, May Crocker, India Florence. All of these women perform the "can can" nightly for the delectation of Madam Clifford's patrons. The premiere of the dance is the last named, a young girl with a history.

She states that she was born in Washington, D. C., and became the victim of man's perfidy four years ago, and shortly after went to Philadelphia, and entered a fashionable bazaar, presided over by Madam Annie Winters, 1216 Locust Street. She remained there six months, and came to Denver three years ago, and has since resided at her present abode. She never appears in the "can can" without wearing at least \$2,000 worth of diamonds.

Those who have seen these daunces say that they excel in lewdness anything ever witnessed in this city. They are orgies which would delight the basest tastes. The accompanying sketch will afford a slight idea of the scene.

HE "TUMBLING."

How a Rule in a Theatre Was En-
forced.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There are a numberless amount of people in this world who consider themselves "privileged characters." And to consider oneself such means selfishness, egotism and ill-breeding. The person who feels independent of his kind, and acts on this notion will find trouble constantly cropping up; it means war, and he or she who gets this notion will have war-plenty of it.

A prominent politician in this city, just a little elevated over his position and wealth made himself a privileged character at a matinee at a well known theatre in this city this past week. It is an imperative rule at this theatre that no smoking in the lobby will be permitted. The gentleman in question knew this, but did not appear to consider the rule worth observing. He lit his cigar, placed his thumbs in his vest sleeves, and began to "blow a cloud." The manager of the theatre felt diffident about enforcing his rule with such a distinguished patron, but also felt that something must be done, or discipline would become a dead issue. He resolved to get around the matter in a jocular way. Calling two of his employees whose duty it was to look after fire, he ordered them to take two Babcock extinguishers and stand on each side of the smoker. They did so. The rule-breaker looked first at one, and then at the other, in a mystified way, and moved off a few steps. The firemen kept their positions. "What in h—l do you want; what are you up to?" petulantly asked Mr. —. "We are employed by the management to put out all fires in this house," was the reply. The smoker tumbled, and throwing away his cigar, he walked in to the parquette and took a seat.

Betting against Space.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Imitators of Dr. Tanner are not so numerous as expected. His theory that people eat too much has not been accepted as correct—at least by a young lady in this city. She had been an abstainer from oysters during the r-less months, and determined as quick as September came to make up for lost time. Talking about these luscious bivalves with a party of friends, she laughingly wagered that she could eat a hundred at a sitting. The wager was accepted, and the party adjourned to a restaurant. The waiters were kept busy bringing them along. She kept as busy disposing of them, and never stopped until the wager was won. She was betting on space, which she understood better than any one else.

A Bad Lover.

[With Portraits.]

Francis E. Lewis was a suitor for the hand of Orzella Maddox in marriage. The young lady positively declined to gratify his wishes, and out of revenge, it is alleged that he attempted to poison her family. He has been arrested on suspicion, and is now in jail at Circleville, O.

PERSONALS.

**For D. D.'s, Social Reformers,
and Missionaries About to
Leave for Heathen
Lands to Read.**

A FATHER'S BRUTAL CRIME.

**A Married Woman Elopes From Her
Home and is Murdered by
Her Paramour.**

WELLS RELIEVES HIS FEELINGS.

**What a Man Discovered
By Hiding in a
Cornfield.**

MASKED BURGLARS' WORK.

**A Man While Fishing Hauls Up Two
Bodies From the
Deep.**

A NEW WAY OUT OF DEBT.

CALLER IN.

A prostitute named Fannie Smith was mysteriously murdered at her residence in Boiler street, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 4th inst. Before her death she recognized the man who dealt her the fatal blow.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

A Bellville, Ill., negro, named Boyd, undertook to kill his wife and her paramour, one Walker. He shot his wife in the shoulder but Walker escaped. The latter then got a gun and shot Boyd, who will die.

OUT OF DEBT.

J. S. Morgan, a job printer of Cincinnati, went to see a lady at Cleveland, who held his note for \$2,000 had an unsatisfactory interview with her, and finally seized a revolver, and shot himself dead in her presence.

PERRY'S SUSPICIONS.

Perry Schockley, of Lancaster, O., who suspected the faithfulness of his wife, told her he would leave town for a couple of days, but instead of doing so, he hid in a patch of corn. About midnight he went after a policeman, and the two then entered the house, chased George Sherrick out, and run him down. Sherrick is in jail.

DEAD TO RIGHTS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., September 6.—This evening as the train from Titusville entered the station at Corry, James A. Wells, a mulatto, belonging to the former place, shot and fatally wounded Cyrus A. Ball, a porter on a Pullman palace car, for being on too intimate terms with Mrs. Wells. Wells had suspected his wife of being unfaithful for some time past and to-night, as the car stopped, he went in and there found his wife with the porter. This so enraged him that he drew a revolver and shot the latter in the breast and then gave himself up to the officers. The wounded man was brought to this city to-night.

MASKED THIEVES' WORK.

The houses of George Resch and John P. Finn, of Marietta, Pa., were invaded by masked thieves. At Resch's the thieves threatened the husband and wife with death at the pistol point. Their son and daughter, sleeping in adjoining rooms, heard the noise. The son going to his parents' room was met by a burglar with a revolver. In the meantime their daughter had gone into a back room and was just crawling out of the window, when her brother, retreating back to this room, closed the door, and mistaking his sister for a burglar, struck her a blow in the face, knocking her out of the window. The robbers escaped without securing anything. Miss Resch was severely hurt about the face and limbs.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER MURDERED.

CITY OF MEXICO, September 2.—William H. Greenwood, who for several years was chief engineer of the Denver Railroad and has recently been engaged in making surveys for Palmer & Sullivan, the railway contractors, was murdered yesterday near Tlalampantla, eighteen miles from the capital. He was accompanied at the time by his assistant, Mr. Miller, and a servant, and had gone on in advance to examine a barranca. A few minutes after Miller and the ser-

vant came upon his dead body, with three bullet holes in it. The murderers had taken Greenwood's pistol and horse, but left his watch and money, probably because they had no time to rifle the body. The authorities are making great efforts to find the murderers.

THE END OF AN ELOPEMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7.—About the middle of April last, Thomas Klink, residing at 3,136 Market street, eloped with the wife of George Beck, a neighbor. Upon their departure both Klink and Mrs. Beck took all their available property. The woman was accompanied by her daughter, Lillie, thirteen years of age. The latter has just returned, and states that Klink had frequent quarrels with her mother when they reached their destination in Cala, and that in one of their disturbances M. S. Beck was murdered. The child declares that Klink secreted the body and threatened to kill her (Lillie) also if she spoke of the matter. She obtained means and reached this city a day or two ago. Nothing has yet been learned in verification of the child's story, but it will undoubtedly be investigated.

A COLORED ANGEL.

Stephen Richardson, colored, was hanged at Wilmington, N. C., last week for the murder of his mother-in-law, Lucy Phinney, on the night of July 19. The death was almost instantaneous, the physicians pronouncing him dead at the end of twelve minutes. The execution was strictly private, only those allowed by law being admitted inside the enclosure. At 12:12 the prisoner mounted the scaffold and after a hymn had been sung and a prayer offered, made a statement to the effect that he had made his peace with man and God; had forgiven his enemies, and while he was provoked to do the deed and thought the witnesses had not told the whole truth on the trial he was ready to go. He asked a blessing on the ministers and all present, bade them farewell and at 12:39 the trap was sprung. His death was almost instantaneous. The body was delivered to his friends. He was calm and cool to the last and perfectly composed, and from all outward appearances met his death fearlessly and resignedly.

MURDERED AN INFANT.

CHARLESTON, ILL., Sept. 5.—A box containing a dead female infant, with its temporal and frontal bones crushed, and apparently strangled, was found under a bridge here this evening. At the coroner's inquest Captain Ashmore, landlord of the Charleston Hotel, identified the property as that of two women, who registered August 10 as E. A. Elliott and Mary Elliott, about fifty and twenty years old respectively, the younger appearing pregnant. A box by express, addressed to Jennie R. Smith, South Charleston, was received by the elder two or three days after their arrival, and contained fluting irons. The eldest canvassed for the sale of irons, and worked at the hotel for her board. They left this morning on the three o'clock train west, directing their trunks to be sent to Shelbyville, Ill. Their beds were made up, but one mattress was bloody on the underside, and one trunk contained bloody garments and muddy shoes. Warrants are out for their arrest.

A BRAND FOR THE BURNING.

A fiendish outrage, wherein a father outraged his own daughter, occurred in Atlanta, Ga. A young and beautiful girl, fourteen years of age, appealed to a police officer patrolling the streets in the most piteous terms, stating that she had been outraged by her father. It seems that the unfortunate girl's mother died about two weeks ago, since which time her father has been attempting to take liberties with her person, and she had always succeeded in thwarting his fiendish ends. At one time she went so far as to visit the Mayor and procure a railroad ticket to go to her aunt, about forty miles below Montgomery; but her inhuman father found it out, got the tickets and sold them. At another time she left home because her father was intoxicated, treated her roughly and tried to take improper liberties. While her father was pretending to be engaged at something, Miss Ophelia Ferrell and her little sister and brother fell asleep upon the bed, and the first thing she knew her father assaulted her. She was overpowered, and after escaping ran into the street and notified the first policeman she met. He arrested Ferrell. The young girl is being taken care of by friends.

A HORRIBLE HAUL.

A horrible and mysterious murder came to light this past week in Newberry county, S. C. While Henry Grier, an old man, was fishing in Little river, he discovered the body of a man under the water. Procuring help the remains were hooked-up and another body was then discovered in the same place. The bodies were those of the sons of the old man who first discovered them. Mr. C. Langston, the Coroner of Newberry County, was sent for. He summoned a jury and held an inquest. The oldest of the two boys, about twenty-one, had a bullet wound in the left breast and one in the back. His brother had only one wound, inflicted just under the right nipple, and ranging toward the heart. In addition to the bullet wounds the bodies were weighed down by large rocks tied to them. The jury of inquest stated that they came to their deaths by bullet wounds inflicted by parties to them unknown. There could not be a particle of evidence, it seems, brought up to point to anyone as the murderers. There was no evidence to show that the boys had had a difficulty with anyone, and no one can conjecture the cause of the tragedy. Great indignation is felt by the people of the community where the tragedy occurred, by both white and black. The murdered men were citizens of Laurens county.

A Good Appointment.

[With Portrait.]

Captain A. H. Pettigrew has become the head of the police in Lynchburg, Virginia. He is comparatively a young man, and his selection for that position gives general satisfaction to the people of that town. They feel that the morality of Lynchburg has an excellent champion.

PRACTICAL FUN.

**A Pair of Humorists Get Themselves
into a Muddle From Which They
Find it Hard Work to Get Clear.**

A divorce has just been granted by the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, and the case presents some incidents not at all common in the ordinary proceedings. The particular feature alluded to was the novel marriage ceremony and its acceptance by the parties. The marriage was by way of a joke, and a practical joke it was, for the subsequent proceedings show that this bit of pleasantry was the means of adding two to the census.

About ten years ago a couple were at an evening entertainment down town. A large party of young men and ladies were present, taking part in the festivities of the occasion. To add to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment some one proposed a mock marriage. This was acceded to by acclamation. "I proposed that I should be the minister," says the male cousin of the lady in question, after the marriage idea was suggested.

"I asked who the parties should be. After some conversation John said that he and Mary would be married. Mary did not say anything but got up and stood by him. I had the Episcopal prayer book in my hand which I had picked up off the table, and I married them by that ceremony, with the exception that when a ring was required and I asked for the ring John, with a smile on his face, said that it didn't make any matter—go on without it.

"They gave all the responses that were asked them according to the prayer book and their answers were in the present tense, as, for instance, 'I do.' After the ceremony I pronounced them man and wife. Everybody present seemed contented with what had been done; we did it for pleasure, and all seemed satisfied."

It appears that the couple after that night went and lived together for seven years, during which time two children were born to them. But about two years ago the husband, for some unaccountable reason, left his wife, and never went back to her. She brought proceedings in divorce, alleging, as a cause, desertion on the part of the husband. It was, of course, necessary in such a suit to prove marriage, and it was in evidence, besides what is above quoted, that the husband introduced her as his wife, acknowledged her as his wife, addressed her as his wife, wrote to her as his wife, presented her as his wife, and asked for her as his wife. It was also shown that he was affectionate to both his wife and children, supplying clothing, money and amusements as a husband should.

The husband put in no defense; in fact, at the time the proceedings were taken he went out of the jurisdiction. There was no pretense that a legal marriage had not been consummated. In some places such a marriage would have been nothing but idle ceremony, but according to the laws of Pennsylvania the present marriage was of just as much force as if it had been performed by a regular constituted minister of the gospel or justice of the peace.

In Pennsylvania cohabitation and recognition as such among friends and acquaintances are quite sufficient to forge the marriage bond. The court granted the wife her divorce.

A FILTHY CROWD.

**Higgling For Harlotry in the Halls of
Justice—A Disgusting Recital.**

A repulsive and shocking case of depravity, which almost exceeds the range of credulity, was revealed early in the week at the County Building in Chicago. Late in the afternoon, as the clerks were busy filing away their musty tomes in the vault, a strange quintet invaded the solemn sanctity of the County Clerk's chamber. A more ragged, abhorrent, despicable, or ugly set of persons it would be difficult to classify or group together, as it would verge on the impossible to discover their cotemporaries in America. Judging from their excited actions, they were deeply involved in a highly interesting discourse. The most loquacious individual was an overgrown, loose-jointed, and lop-sided caricature of humanity, rejoicing in the nomenclature of Bernard Echenberg. His shambling form was covered with a sun-browned suit that had perennially passed the sere and yellow stage, and now would be scornfully refuted by the chiffonier as utterly worthless as a mercantile commodity. A gaunt female, whose gigantic height gave a greater prominence to the osseous composition of her anatomy, stalked at his side. She wore a glass eye, on the right quarter, while the left optic glared at the observer from an acute angle. Red hair, a freckled face, jaundiced countenance and cheek bones protruding above her ears completed the facial expression of this dazzling beauty. She bore in her arms a puny baby of nine months' existence, who occasionally varied the harmony by squalling, and calling herself the wife of the first mentioned. The other pair were "ornary" characters, accentuated by bloated features and ruby noses. Meanwhile the quarrel increased in severity until an open irruption of hostilities was threatened in the mill of justice. Approaching the group, a reporter learned the true cause of the truculent aspect of affairs.

Figure No. 3 was the confessed parent of the nine months babe. Echenberg, enraged at this invasion of his marital privileges, demanded full reparation and stonement for the injury. Don Juan assented the damages at \$25, and in proof of his sincerity proffered the legal tender and started to indite a receipt. He wrote:

HOMERWOOD, Sept. 2, 1878.

I, Bernard Echenberg, am satisfied—
Here literary facilities were exhausted, and the scribe was left stranded in despair from a concluding clause. In this dilemma he appeared to a bystander who were indignant at the atrocity of the perpetration, instantly ordered the haggling harlot and her

companion from the building. The clerks, long inured to disgusting scenes and unaccustomed to view depravity from its worst standpoint, shrank back in horror of the transaction and with disgust legibly imprinted on every lineament. Soul-sickening as the sight was to others, the prime participants were not abashed, but culminated the leperous purchase by accepting the money. The fourth personage, who had remained in the background during the discussion, advanced to the front and received fifty cents payment for his services as witness of the transgression against the husband's prerogative. Having thus satisfactorily compromised the error, the entire party entered a peddler's wagon and drove off.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN CALIFORNIA.

**A State Where it is Not Necessary to go
to a Parson or Have a Wedding—How
Some Couples Strike a Matrimonial
Bargain.**

Few are aware of the fact that the civil code of California, in section 75 of article II, page 3, provides for the marriage of persons without the accompanying pomp and solemnity of religious rite or priestly sanction. Those curious folk who either affect to or do despise civil and religious forms are allowed to make simply a declaration of marriage, stating the names and residences of parties, fact, and time of marriage, and that the marriage has not been solemnized. The recorder's books at the new City Hall bear testimony that several lovers of the curious have taken advantage of the above provision, and started along the matrimonial road without the customary "send-off." One of these interesting documents reads somewhat as follows, names being supplied: "Doe and Mary Roe. Marriage declaration. Know all men by these presents, that we, John Doe, a resident, etc., and now nineteen years nine months and five days of age, and Mary Roe, a widow, also a resident, etc., now of the age of twenty-nine years, do hereby marry each other, and do jointly agree to take upon ourselves and perform all the marital relations of husband and wife. We further declare that this marriage has not been solemnized." Then follows a notary's certificate that the document was signed in his presence, and of the free will of the high contracting parties, following which are the signatures of three witnesses.

Another curious example is that of John Smith, aged eighteen years and eight months, and Jane Jones (true names being withheld, aged eighteen years and eleven months, "do solemnly acknowledge that we did propose marriage, each with the other, on the 15th of June, 1877, and that we did then and there receive each other in marriage, and have since cohabited together, enjoying the blessings and assuming the cares and responsibilities of the marriage state.

"That our union in wedlock was not effected through any solemnization by any person empowered by law to consummate the marriage contract, but, relying on our reciprocal love and affection, we mutually assumed toward each other the rights, duties, and obligations of the married state." This quaint contract and declaration was not drawn or recorded until more than five months subsequent to the 15th of June mentioned, when the youthful twain became man and wife. A third instance is concise and very much to the point: "We, for each other's protection, but not to be made public, hereby certify to each other that we have been married for one year, but not by any formal ceremony." A few other instances are on record in the books, but may be considered rare. They are almost all cases where one or both parties have been very young, or where some peculiarity of the case causes the parties to preserve secrecy. The laws of this State make a man and woman husband and wife, if they acknowledge each other as such, and live with each other, without any declaration recorded.

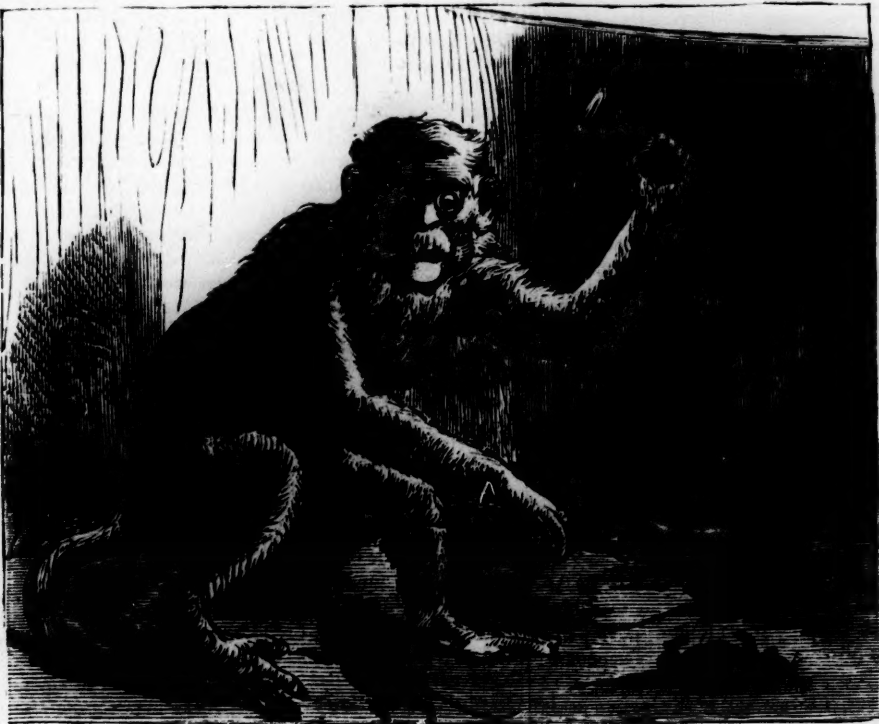
A Canadian Scandal.

An action was entered in the early part of the week in Montreal which caused quite a sensation in the higher circles of Montreal society. It was brought against Hon. F. X. Trudell, a leading member of the local government and Senator of the Dominion Parliament. The plaintiff is his wife, a lady of good family and received in the best society. She demands a separation on several grounds, among which are: She alleges in a declaration that instead of cherishing her as a wife, he has lost no opportunity to insult her; has deserted her and not lived with her for some time past; has refused to provide for her, leaving her to meet debts and farming expenses; has taken away their children against her will, and, being engaged in politics, has not the time to devote to their home instruction. These and other reasons are set forth, and separation as to bed and board are asked. At the time of their marriage, in 1864, a contract was signed between them by which it was stipulated that he should insure his life for \$8,000 in her favor. This, she alleges, has not been done. She also charges him with looking her up in a room in the house of Dr. Trudell, in Montreal, when she lately went there to see her children. The case will soon come up in court and several leading lawyers are engaged for it. Joseph Doutre, Queen's Counsel, of Gumbord, is chief counsel for Mrs. Trudell. The defendant is an influential politician and has lately been offered the portfolio in the Dominion Ministry lately vacated by Hon. Mr. Mason, Minister of Militia.

Four Boys Shot While Swimming.

[Subject of Illustration.]

WILMINGTON, Del., September 5.—Four boys, while swimming in the Christiansa to-day, were fired upon by Captain John W. Morton, of the schooner Souder, who had ordered them to keep away from his vessel. All were wounded, but only one, Harry Riley, seriously. He will probably lose an eye. Morton is under arrest.



A MONKEY IS MATCHED AGAINST A DOG TO KILL SO MANY RATS ON TIME, AND WINS THE WAGER FOR HIS OWNER WITH EASE.

STUCK.

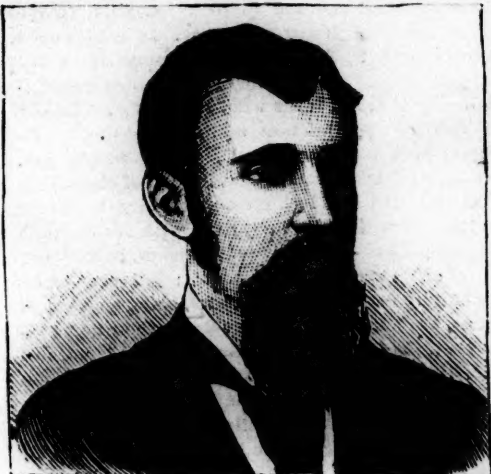
Simpson's Pitiable Plight on Leaving His Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.] A correspondent, of Lilly, Tazewell county, Ill., says: Town Simpson, when in Mackinaw the other evening, called to see one of the fair belles of the town. When he got on his horse to start home he found that he had forgotten to untie him. He tried to dismount, but stuck fast to the saddle. He remained there for some time, but was unable to extricate himself. Some jealous rascal had smeared his saddle with tar. He finally leaned forward and cut the hitch-rein, and rode home bewailing his fate. He cut the saddle-girth when arriving at home, built up a rousing fire, warmed the tar, and at last found liberty. Town says his pants will stand alone. No clue to the perpetrator of this bold deed has yet been obtained.

IN A FIX.

Perilous Sport Indulged in by a Young Lady.

[Subject of Illustration.] A party of young people were sailing near Nantucket last week, when one of the young ladies expressed a desire to touch the bell buoy, and the boat was accordingly run alongside. It was then suggested that she step upon the buoy, which she did, when the wash of the sea carried the boat out her reach and it drifted off to leeward, leaving her standing upon the sloping roof of the hollow tub, which bobbed up and down on the waves and careened from side to side in a most uncomfortable manner. Before she could be taken on board it was necessary to make two tacks, when the



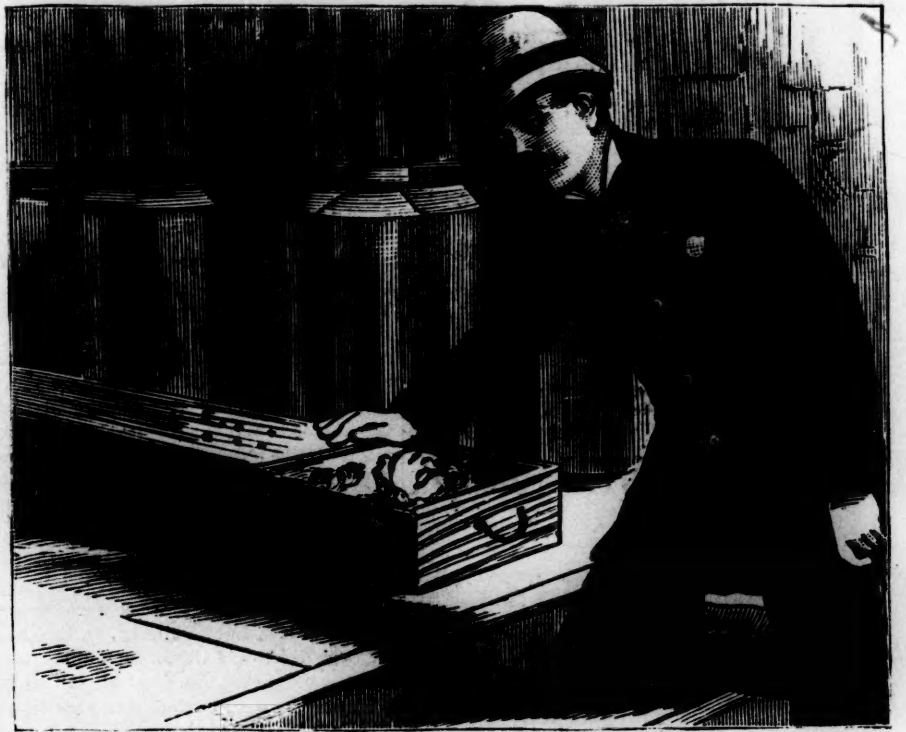
FRANCIS E. LEWIS, ALLEGED POISONER OF A FAMILY IN CIRCLEVILLE, O.

boat was worked up near enough to throw a line, which was caught and made fast with trembling hands by the young lady, who was soon taken off, seasick and exhausted, after remaining on the buoy about fifteen minutes.

A Novel Wager.

[Subject of Illustration.] A correspondent of the *Fancier's Chronicle*, sends the following: Hollinwood, near Manchester, was the scene of a rather novel rat-killing match the other

day between Mr. Benson's fox-terrier dog, Turk, and Mr. Lewis's monkey, for \$25. The conditions of the match were that each one had to kill twelve rats, and the one that finished them the quickest to be declared the winner. It was agreed that Turk was to finish his twelve rats first, which he did, and in good time, too, many bets being made on the dog after he had finished them. After a few minutes had elapsed, it now came the monkey's turn, and a commotion it caused. Time being called, the monkey was immediately put to his twelve rats. Mr. Lewis, his owner, at the same time putting his hand in his coat pocket, and handing the monkey a peculiar hammer. This was a surprise to the on-lookers; but the monkey was not long in getting to work with the hammer, and once



A POLICEMAN FINDS A GIRL BABY IN A BOX ON ONE OF THE PUBLIC STREETS, WHERE IT HAD BEEN LEFT BY ITS HEARTLESS PARENTS; NEW YORK.

at work he was not long in completing the task set before him. You may talk about a dog being quick at rat-killing, but he is really not in it with the money and his hammer. Suffice it to say, the monkey won with ease, having time to spare at the finish. Most persons present thought the monkey would worry the rats in the same way as a dog does; but the conditions said to kill, and the monkey killed with a vengeance, and won the \$25, beside a lot of bets for his owner.

A BABY IN A BOX.

A Policeman's Queer Find—Sent Adrift on the World.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A citizen passing the Infant Asylum, at Sixty-third street and Tenth avenue, this city, at an early hour in the morning, saw a man riding in a rickety old buggy get out in front of the main entrance of the building, and carrying a small oblong box, shaped like a coffin, to the door, and deposit it there. This done, he got into his buggy again and drove hastily off. The citizen, who had been unperceived, suspecting something wrong, went in search

of a policeman, and with him returned to the box. It proved to be a large croquet box, the lid perforated by a score of auger holes, through one of which half protruded the nose of an infant, whose tiny wail could be heard from within. The lid having been slid back with care, a beautiful girl-baby, dressed in white flannel of rather expensive quality, and resting comfortably on a bed made of blue cotton wadding, was discovered. It was clearly not of the common herd of babies, and was handled with more than usual



A VENTURESOME YOUNG LADY, WHILE OUT YACHTING, STEPS ON A BUOY, AND IS LEFT IN A PERILOUS POSITION; NANTUCKET, MASS.

STUCK FAST!—A RURAL LOVER ON LEAVING HIS SWEETHEART FINDS THAT HIS SADDLE HAS BEEN SMEARED WITH TAR; MACKINAW, ILL.



ORZELLA MADDOX, REJECTED LEWIS' OFFER OF MARRIAGE; FOR WHICH HE SOUGHT REVENGE.

care by the policeman, as he took box and all to the station and thence to the central office. In Matron Webb's office its arrival caused much excitement. It was finally sent to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

It is said that many women are stored in the cellar of the Lunatic Asylum at St. John, N. B., in which no person accustomed to the decencies of life could be hired by any sum to pass an hour. Other accommodation is deficient, and the inhumanity involved in the present arrangements is so great that no St. John's newspaper would dare to describe it.

L. E. Myers, Amateur Champion Runner of the World.

[With Portrait.]

In our illustrated sporting gallery this week we publish a picture of Lawrence E. Myers the champion amateur runner of the world, whose performances have excited the attention of the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic. Myers was born in Richmond, Va., on Feb. 16, 1858. His height is 5 feet 7½ inches, and trained and in condition he weighs 112 pounds. He is a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York. The following are some of his most wonderful performances:

On May 29, 1880, at Staten Island Athletic Club games he ran 600 yards in 1 min. 14½ sec.—the fastest time on record for an amateur.

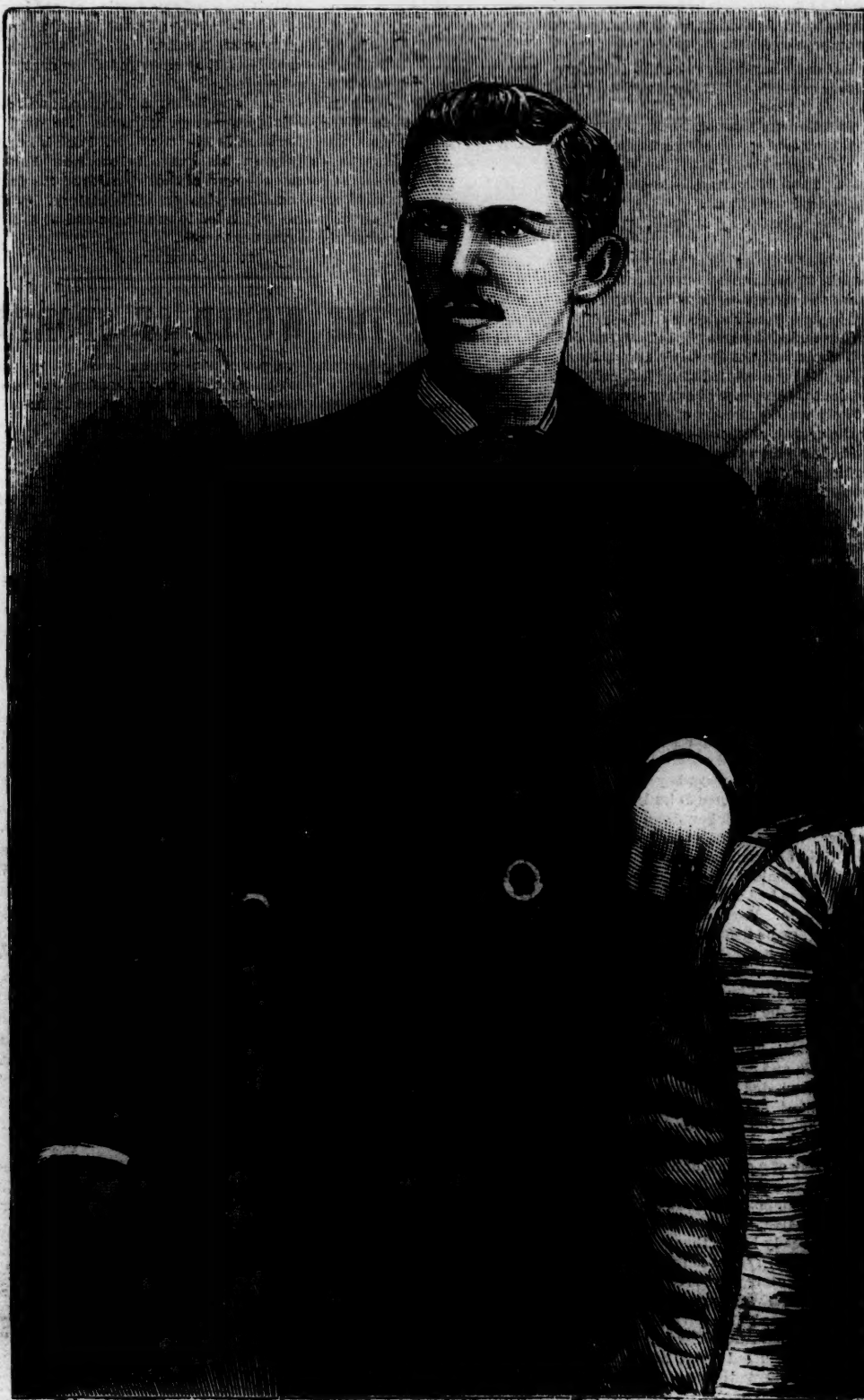
On May 31, 1880, at the New York Athletic Club, Myers defeated L. A. Stuart and others in a 300-yards run, winning easily in 34½ sec. The same afternoon he lowered the American record for a mile, covering the distance in 4:29½.

On June 19th, 1880, at the games of the Montgomery Athletic Club, he won the half-mile run from scratch in 2:06½, and the 220 yards run in 25½ sec.

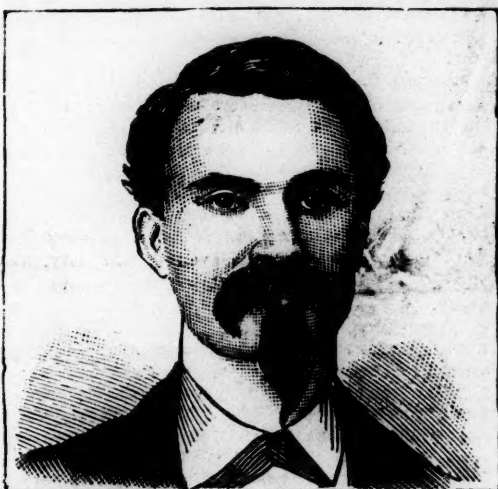
At Boston, June 26, 1880, Myers ran in the quarter of a mile handicap of the Union Athletic Club. He allowed all his competitors from ten to eighty yards. Myers got within arm's length of the winner, who ran the distance in 48 sec.

On July 5, 1880, Myers, at New York, attempted to beat the best half-mile running time ever made (1:57½) in England, by F. T. Elborough; but it rained, and Myers did not make the effort.

On July 12, 1880, at Elizabeth, N. J., Myers beat the best time on record in the world at 1,000 yards, covering the distance in 2:18½. The best record for this distance before that was held by James Nuttall, an English professional, and was 2:19½. July 17, 1880, he succeeded in lowering the English amateur record for the half-mile, doing the distance in 1:56½. He ran too fast at the beginning of the race, and as he was not in the best of fix, he weakened badly at the finish and almost came to a halt in the last 100 yards. His friends confidently expect him to do several seconds better. He now holds the following records, those marked with a * denoting the best in the world, amateur or professional: 210 yards, 22½ sec.; 250



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.
L. E. MYERS, CHAMPION AMATEUR RUNNER OF THE WORLD.



CAPTAIN A. H. PETTIGREW, NEWLY-ELECTED
CHIEF OF POLICE OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

yards, 27½ s.; 300 yards, 34½ sec.; 440 yards, 49½ sec.; 500 yards, * 58 sec.; 600 yards, 1:14½; 880 yards, 1:56½; 1,000 yards, * 2:18½; 1 mile, 4:29½.

In our opinion Myers is the fastest runner in the world, and can beat anybody that ever put on a pair of spiked shoes.

"MONEY IN IT."

Dr. Hall's Diversion—Rushing a Death for the Sake of a Fortune—Beaten in the Final Game.

One of the most extraordinary will contests that has appeared in the Surrogate's Court during the past year was that of Mrs. Mary G. Hall, wife of Dr. Fred-

erick Hall, which was concluded a few days ago in this city, by a decision of Surrogate Calvin refusing to admit the will to probate.

The principal ground of the contest was undue influence of the husband, to whom most of the property was left by the will. Mrs. Hall, who was feeble in mind and body, had come into possession of a fortune of more than \$100,000 before she met Dr. Hall. A few days after they made each other's acquaintance in Connecticut he persuaded her to marry him,

although he was at that time engaged to be married to another woman. Then Dr. Hall began almost immediately upon his marriage a course of cruel treatment towards his wife.

Several witnesses testified that they had seen Dr. Hall strike his wife on the cheek with a hammer for no apparent cause, and only laughed when protest was made by bystanders; that he would throw at her various household articles; that he would expose her in the bath-room or bed to strangers; that he threw hot griddle cakes in her face and forced them hot down her throat; he would dash a plate of soup over her at the table if angry; would use insulting language to her; would frighten her until she was half senseless; and would drag her over the floor regardless of her screams and cries. One thing that appeared to afford great amusement to him was to take his delicate wife by the heels and drag her down stairs, thumping her body at every step. The husband took her money and allowed her none, and even pawned her diamonds and other jewelry.

As a result in part of this treatment, Mrs. Hall was seized with a severe attack of paralysis, but even this condition of his wife did not seem to soften the treatment of the husband. It was subsequent to this stroke that the will was signed. One of the doctors testified that the husband said that "if he could keep his wife alive until 1880 he would be d—d well fixed." One of the witnesses was Mrs. Avelina B. Hall, who was divorced from Dr. Hall before he married the decedent, and who married him again after her death. Before she went on the stand, however, she had again been divorced from him. She testified to acknowledgements by Dr. Hall that the decedent's mind was shattered when she signed the will, and that he dictated a great part of it. The troubles of Mrs. Hall were increased by her fears of her mother-in-law, who did not appear in a much more favorable light than the son.

The Surrogate decided the testator had sufficient intelligence to make a will, but that it was procured by her husband's undue influence. The testimony of Dr. Hall was disregarded, for, aside from the testimony of witnesses called upon to impeach his general character, he is discredited by his unseemly, disreputable and scandalous conduct, when with hot haste he procured a will to be drawn and pretendedly executed by his wife a few hours after the alarming attack, when she was obviously in a semi-comatose



C. S. HOLLOWAY, NOTORIOUS HORSE-THIEF AND
EMBEZZLER; EMPORIA, KAN.

state. He is also shown to have married his wife under very extraordinary circumstances, and to have stated a day or two after as the reason he took the decedent instead of another young lady to whom he was then engaged, that there was "money in it." The contestants were brothers and sisters of Mrs. Hall.



"WILL HE EVER DROP?"—A PROMINENT POLITICIAN VIOLATES A RULE OF A THEATRE REGARDING SMOKING, AND IS BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES IN A PRACTICAL WAY.—SEE PAGE 10.

"THE" ALLEN.

The True Story of the Poole-Morrissey Fight.

SOME WHOLESALE MAULING

How Smith Ackerman Wrestled Himself to Death.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

A Day of Sport Which Ended in a Tragedy.

The Ninth Ward was then known as "the village," and was the chosen home of the American carmen and butchers of the metropolis, who numbered in their ranks some of the most prominent sporting men of the city, and were all strong supporters of Poole. Amos street wharf was the next one above Christopher street. It was a long one, L-shaped. It was the only pier the opposition Albany steamers (which were then paying men ten cents to take a trip up the river in them) landed at up-town, and was also used as a wood wharf, cordwood being usually heaped up on it in mountainous piles. This morning it had been cleared to make room for the fight, and numerous enthusiastic admirers of Poole among the sand and butcher boys had camped on it and in the street, making their beds on sails they had unbent from the spars of the sloops and schooners at the adjacent wharves and spread across the walks.

They were still snoring on the morning of the eventful day when, at 5 o'clock, Poole came up West street in a coach. Smith, or "Smut" Ackerman and Tommy Calkin, who was considered the best rough-and-tumble fighter in the city next to Poole, accompanied the champion. They jumped over and walked down the wharf to where it made an elbow. There was a landing stairs here, at the foot of which Allen was waiting in a boat.

The party got in and Allen handled the oars till they got well out in the stream, when Poole took a pair and assisted to row to Barker's Garden, a favorite resort in Hoboken near the ferry. There they had drinks all around, Poole taking one of his favorite milk punches.

When they left, the champion remarked: "I guess I'll unlimber my joints a little."

And he pulled off his white shirt, and in the flesh-colored undershirt he fought in pulled all the way back to Hammond street dock. Landing there they proceeded to the Village House, where the host, Morgan Pultz, made them comfortable, while Allen went down the street to find out if the enemy had put in an appearance.

He found that things had been quite lively ashore during the little trip to Jersey.

Morrissey had not yet got up-town. A number of his friends had, however, started up Hudson street in coaches. Poole's friends were laying in wait for them in the street, and every carriage that appeared was stopped and either upset or emptied of its inmates, as a matter of course. A fight invariably ensued, which ended in the departure of "Old Smoke's" supporters for home or a hospital.

It was not until half-past 6 that Morrissey himself put in an appearance.

The news of his coming traveled in advance, and Allen had time to send for Poole and the latter got on the wharf before his antagonist did.

Morrissey came in company with his friend and benefactor, whom he afterwards treated so ungratefully—Johnny Lang, the keeper of the "Sporting Headquarters" at Canal street and Broadway. They arrived in a light wagon, and walked down the wharf arm in arm.

Up to this time everything was very orderly. The crowd which swarmed on the dock made a lane for the new comers to pass through, and the hundreds who crowded the roofs and windows of the adjacent houses were quiet. But among the people on the pier was John Poole, Bill's brother, who a short time before had undergone a frightful mauling at Ling's place, and who was burning to be revenged.

As events showed, he was.

When Ling came abreast of him, John Poole struck him a smashing blow on the jaw. In a second there was a general fight. Morrissey stood quietly looking on, no one attempting to molest him. But his followers fared badly, and after a thorough thrashing their revolvers were taken from them and thrown into the river, when the rest of the programme was proceeded with.

There was no ring, but by general consent the throng had kept a space open for the combat. Poole, in his undershirt as he had rowed across the river, was ready when his rival arrived. It did not take Morrissey long to peel. Throwing off his coat and white shirt, he stood in his red flannel undershirt, as brawny a young bruiser as the most enthusiastic admirer of muscle could desire to see. Poole himself was one of the handsomest men of the day. A model of powerful physique, he at the same time carried himself gracefully. The reader can obtain an idea of his face from the excellent portrait we print with this issue. That of Morrissey was taken years afterwards, and gives no idea whatever of his appearance when he was a beardless young fellow with features scarcely marked by the brows which later on disfigured them.

The fight began with some light sparring, Poole holding himself principally on the defensive, and his opponent laying for a chance to close. For about five minutes this child's play of the giants kept up.

Then Morrissey made a rush.

But Poole was too quick for him.

As Morrissey struck at him Poole ducked and seized him by the ankles.

In a second more he had thrown him clean over his head.

And still gripping him by the ankles had turned and fallen on top of him.

The scene which followed was an almost indescribable one.

The fighters clutching one another with grips of steel, gouged, bit, butted and pounded one another without cessation. They never changed their positions, because they could not, for the minute they fell the crowd closed in on them till its feet touched their bodies and the first

row on each side had its hands on the shoulders of those opposite, keeping them far enough back for the combatants to have room to fight at all. The wonder was, not that they did not kill one another, but that they were not trampled to death.

But not a hand was raised to interfere with or favor either contestant. If Morrissey ever had a square deal, he had it then.

Still he was doomed.

With Poole on top of him as immovably as if he had been frozen there, Morrissey did his best for a few minutes. Then his voice was heard, hoarse, breathless and suffocated with blood.

"I'm satisfied!" it said, "I've got enough! I'm done!"

A cheer went up from the crowd and the shout rang out, caught up and repeated till it swelled into a roar that made the streets half a mile away ring.

"Poole's won! Poole's won!"

Thus ended the great fight between John Morrissey and Bill Poole, but not the day's events by any means.

For the boys wanted some fun for themselves and they got it at the expense of every stranger on the dock.

There were a number of sports and outsiders generally in the crowd, attracted by the event of the day, and they wished to a man they were not there before they got out, for the gang went for them like an alligator for a plump piccaninny and ornamented their countenances in various eccentric ways, simply to keep their joints from stiffening.

When Morrissey cried enough the crowd opened of its own accord, and Poole got on his feet. Morrissey, when Poole arose, got up without assistance. He was frightfully punished. He had to wipe the blood from his eyes with his white shirt which somebody handed to him, before he could see to walk. Poole had got a terrible mauling too. His worst hurt was a great gash in his cheek where Morrissey had bitten him.

The fight, so far, had been a perfectly honest one, and no attempt had been made to molest Morrissey. But when he walked up the wharf, things took a different turn.

Among the Ninth ward boys was a young fellow, full of blood and spirit, named John Dean. Among the boys he was known as "Butcher John." Butcher John was a rounder, and a few days before had dropped into the Bella Union saloon, in Leonard street, which Morrissey and Dick Donald had lately opened in partnership. The heelers there had made a football of him and he had it in for them. More especially incensed was he against Morrissey, as he had wanted to fight him and it had been for the purpose of getting up a match that he had gone to the Bella Union. So when he saw the defeated warrior approaching him he went for him without further ado.

Several of the mob followed suit, and it would have gone hard with Morrissey if Smith Ackerman and Charley Lozier, Poole's brother-in-law, had not thrown their arms around him and carried him off bodily while some others of the fair winded Americans kept the crowd back.

But at Washington street another halt occurred. Big Tom Burns of the First ward had a light wagon there to carry Morrissey away. But between it and the wharf the horse in one of a couple of night-scavengers' carts which were passing got scared at the noise and bawled. This brought the defenders of the defeated man to a halt, and some one yelled, "Chuck Morrissey into the cart!"

A dozen ready hands threw up the lid of the four vehicle and another rush was made for the proposed victim. But his protectors were men, and they stood by him like men. The mob was forced back and Morrissey hustled into the wagon and driven off to the Bella Union.

Poole in the meantime had gone away in company with his friend, the noted Whig and Unionist, Cy Shay, who had lately returned from California and opened the Senate in Church street. The crowd, after hooting Morrissey's vanishing vehicle commenced to scatter to their favorite resorts in the neighborhood. Allen, in company with Smith Ackerman, John Quinlan, otherwise known as Corkey Jack, Tommy Calkin, Pat McGarvey, John Poole, Bill Acker, Bill Harrington and other prominent sports, adjourned to a saloon at the corner of Washington and Amos streets. Drinks around were in order, and several rounds were taken. The fight was discussed along with the liquids and everything was harmonious till one of those unexpected friendly discussions which occur on similar occasions took rise to give a tragic turn to the events of the exciting day.

The talk had drifted naturally into a discussion of Poole's tactics in the fight, and someone said: "That was a thundering hard throw to do, that over-head one."

"Pshaw!" replied Smith Ackerman, "It's easy enough if you know how to do it."

"Maybe you know how" observed John Quinlan sarcastically.

"Yes, I do," was the reply.

"You don't dare try for dollars."

Ackerman did, and a bet was made at once. He grappled Quinlan, and in the struggle they got out on the stoop, which was five steps from the street. There Ackerman's foot slipped, and staggering, he fell headlong to the sidewalk.

The spectators set up a shout and then, observing that Ackerman lay quite still, made a rush for him.

He was insensible, and his skull was fractured.

A cart was procured at once and the injured man composed as comfortably as possible in it. Allen held his umbrella over him to shield his face from the sun; and with Charley Lozier, Bill Phillips, Calkin and Acker the cart set out for the New York Hospital which was then at Anthony street and Broadway. It was a melancholy party, for each man felt that he was riding with a friend to the grave.

As they started a messenger set out to inform Poole of the accident. Ackerman was his most intimate friend and trusted confidant, a partner who had stood by him in many a brawl and who had served him as a faithful lieutenant, even to living in his house.

The cart with the dying man in it had to pass the Bella Union on its way to the hospital. Leonard street was jammed with friends of Morrissey, all wild with excitement and hot with rage against the man who had defeated their champion and his supporters. The approach of the cart was heralded to them, for in order not to give the wounded man any more pain than was inevitable it was drawn so slowly that it was easy enough for a man to run ahead of it. A howl of delight hailed the announcement that the little party of the enemy was venturing into lion's lair. One ferocious bully roared, "We'll cart the hull wagon load of 'em to the bone yard—that's what we'll do."

And the mob endorsed this promise with a cheer.

The people in the cart heard it and knew it meant trouble, but they did not turn back. With their eyes open and their fists ready they surrounded the rigid figure of their dying friend, and the vehicle jolted on.

The dark and threatening crowd opened a passage for them in ominous silence, and closed steadily behind them till, when the cart arrived in front of Bella Union, it was hemmed in by a wall of human beings, every one of whom was ripe for violence and pined for murder.

Directly opposite the Bella Union was the Fifth Precinct station house. The demonstration of the Morrissey-

ites had put the police on the *qui vive* and a strong force was under orders. As the infuriated mob, with a howl that fairly made the windows rattle, closed in on its prey the door of the station house opened and the knights of the club made a rally.

Beating the mob back they surrounded the cart and escorted it to the hospital.

When its door closed on Smith Ackerman it was only to open for him to pass out in his coffin. He died at 4 o'clock that afternoon in his friend Bill Poole's arms.

He was scarcely in his grave before New York witnessed the commencement of those battles of the factions which form so exciting a feature of its history. Of them, and of the events which led to the tragic end of Bill Poole we shall discourse next week.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

MURPHY, St. Paul, Minn.—Pictures received O. K.
H. M. DUFUR, Boston, Mass.—Challenge, etc., received O. K.

POSTROY, Boston, Mass.—Weston did walk from Portland to Chicago.

H. W., Kalamazoo—Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, fought and defeated Elliott on May 13, 1883.

FLOWER, Oakland, Cal.—Bill Poole was 5ft. 9½ in. in height, and weighed 157 pounds.

W. P., Albany, N. Y.—1. Mr. Bonner paid \$33,000 for Dexter. 2. Heenan and King fought for £2,000.

H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Heenan did challenge Morrissey after their fight, but Morrissey would not accept.

JAMES COMSTOCK, Fargo, D. T.—The wrestler you mention is scarcely known in eastern sporting circles.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Crestline, O.—Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the night of Feb. 25, 1855.

MYRON, Pottsville, Pa.—The fastest 100-yard running time is 9¼ seconds, which was made in England by Wm Seward.

J. S., Vallejo, Cal.—1. Frank Hart won the Rose Belt, covering 540½ miles, in December, 1879, at New York. 2. John Dobler.

S. W., Philadelphia.—Alderman William McMullen, of your city, was referee in the fight between Barney Aaron and Sam Collyer, and you win.

W. H., Olean, N. Y.—One mile in 4:17½ is the fastest time on record. It was made by Bill Lang, in England, in a dead heat with William Richards.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKIPPER, Denver, Col.—1. In New York, in October, the O'Leary belt is to be competed for. 2. D. E. Rose is stopping at Los Angeles, Cal.

HEAVY WEIGHT LIFTER.—1. Write to J. Wood's gymnasium, Twenty-eighth street, New York. 2. 5ft. 10½ in.; 180 pounds. 3. Never heard of him. 4. General debility.

J. M., Coburg, Canada.—We answer all questions relating to sporting matters free of charge. Tom Allen is in England. Paddy Ryan is the champion pugilist of America.

AQUATIC, Geneva, N. Y.—There are nine of the Ward brothers—Hank, Josh, Charley, Gilbert, Ben, John and James. Josh Ward was the first champion oarsman of America.

P. W., Columbus, O.—Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, and Joe Coburn were Barney Aaron's seconds when he fought Sam Collyer for \$2,000 and the championship of lightweights in Virginia.

H. W., Mount Vernon, N. Y.—1. The present leading heavy-weight pugilists of England are Alf Greenfield, Jack Stewart, Tompkins Gilbert and Tom Allen. Greenfield is the champion.

H. M., Brighton, Mass.—1. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., and John McMahon, of New York, both claim the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship. 2. They met once and wrestled six hours, neither winning.

G. L. S., New York.—1. Jem Mace and Bob Brettie fought twice. 2. The first fight took place Sept. 22, 1858. Brettie won in two rounds—three minutes. The second fight Mace won in eleven rounds—nineteen minutes.

JETHRO, San Francisco.—John Dobler, of Chicago, has made the best record in a 72-hour go-as-you-please contest. He covered 414 miles. St. Julien's best trotting record is 2:11¼, which is the fastest time ever made.

GAZETTE READER, Cheyenne.—1. John Morrissey was never defeated in a regular prize ring contest, and A. Jones. 2. He defeated George Thompson in California, Yankee Sullivan at Boston Four Corners, and John C. Heenan in Canada.

"TUG" WILSON offers to fight any man in England for £100.

TOM ALLEN is boxing in England with Steve Taylor of Jersey City.

BONNER has decided to let Rarus and Edwin Forest trot to beat 2:11¼.

TRICKETT and Hanlan are to row from Putney to Mortlake, Nov. 15.

JIM FOWLER, the English pugilist, is going to Australia to fight Larry Foley.

JEM MACE, the noted pugilist, is coining money at his hotel in Sydney, Australia.

HANLAN is now on his way to England to row Trickett for the championship of the world.

LUKE BLACKBURN, the king of the turf, is to go to Louisville to run for the St. Leger stakes.

PAT PERRY and Highland the English pugilists, are trying to arrange a prize fight in England.

COURTNEY has wagered \$500 to Riley's \$350 that he can outrow him in a three-mile single scull race.

The prize fight between Murphy and Campbell for \$2,000, is creating quite a furore at Virginia City, Nev.

The prize ring is looming up in England and several battles are proposed among the disciples of the P. R.

The six-day bicycle race, eleven hours per day, at Dublin, Ireland, was won by Andrews, who covered 720 miles.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD's newly-imported stallion Glenlyon, by Stockwell, died at the Rancocas stable, August 23, of colic.

F. J. MOTT, of this city, and Wm. Hoagland of Auburn, N. Y., have been matched to walk five miles for the championship of America and \$500, on the 23d inst.

Trickett, the Australian oarsman, has agreed to row in the American international rowing regatta to be held on the Thames, London, England, if it is held on November 22d.

W. G. GEORGE of the London Athletic Club, on August 18, ran a mile in 4m. 23½s., beating the best amateur time on record, 4m. 24½s., made by Walter Slade five years ago.

O. A. HICKOK, driver of St. Julien, has offered \$12,000 for the bay trotting mare Parana, by Mambrino Hambletonian, record of 2:21¼, for ex-Governor Stanford of California.

H. M. DUFUR of Marlboro, Mass., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is prepared to wrestle any man in the world, collar-and-elbow, for \$500 and the championship of America.

THE six days' race at Los Angeles, Cal., under the management of D. E. Rose of New York, resulted as follows: F. L. Edwards, 467 miles; G. Guerrero, 456; W. H. Scott, 453; John Callahan, 423.

J. P. BENJAMIN of this city, has just completed the journey, on horseback, from Fort Worth, Texas, to New York. The journey was commenced on the 16th of May and finished on the 27th of August.

THE race horse Barrett, two years old, owned by Pierre Lorillard, who has ran three quar ers of a mile in 1:14 (the fastest on record) will run for the English Derby Blue Ribbon next May in England.

GEORGE GUYON, of Chicago, is matched to walk against John Cherry of Waukegan for the 75-hour heel-and-toe O'Leary belt, now held by Guyon. The race will take place in Chicago within three weeks. The stakes are \$500.

A correspondent writes from Bay City Mich., that Chas. W. Beard recently covered 14 feet 7 inches in a single standing jump. If the performance was accomplished it is the best on record. Hamilton of Fredonia, N. Y., has jumped 14 feet 6 inches.

At Liverpool, England, an exciting 120 yard foot race took place recently between George Heath and George Cooke. The latter received three yards' start. The stakes were only £50, but five times that amount was wagered. Heath won in 13¼s.

THE Hop Bitters Company of Rochester, N. Y., have decided to give \$5,000 or \$6,000 in money prizes for an international rowing regatta to be held on the Thames at London, England. Trickett and Laycock, the Australian oarsmen, have decided to enter.

BUTT MULLINE, the English pugilist, has accepted the challenge of Alf Greenfield, the English pugilist, to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for £200. Mullins' backers also offer to put up a £1,000 cup if Greenfield's backers will put in £500 for the pugilists to fight for.

WARBURTON, the English champion runner, was defeated at Milford, Mass., by J. O'Toole in running ten miles for \$200. Warburton led for four miles, when he is said to have sprained his ankle, which caused him to withdraw. O'Toole ran six miles, and was then told to stop.

EDWARD C. HOLSKO of this city and Thomas H. Armstrong of Mott Haven, are to walk fifteen miles for the championship of the United States and \$500 a side, at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds on the 28th of September. Holsko has already defeated Armstrong in a twenty-five mile race, which was contested last May. Armstrong held a lead of an eighth of a mile up to the twenty-third mile, when Holsko by continuous spurts walked Armstrong to a dead faint.

THE challenge of Alfred Greenfield, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of England, to fight any man in the world for £200 or £500 a side, has been accepted by Batt Mullins, the well-known middle-weight pugilist. Mullins' backers agree to arrange a match for £200 a side, or put in £500 if Greenfield's backers put in the same amount for a champion belt or cup to fight for. Greenfield agrees to meet Mullins and fight for £200, and there is every probability of a match. Greenfield is said to be a second Jem Mace. Tom Allen refused to fight him, while he defeated Jim Stuart and received forfeit from Tompkins Gilbert, the Scotch giant. Batt Mullins, the English pugilist, was imported in 1870 by Arthur Chambers and George Seddons to fight Billy Edwards for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship. After his arrival he trained off, and in the eleventh hour Arthur Chambers had to fight Edwards to save the stakes.

At Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 5, Daniel O'Leary the great pedestrian, rode thirty miles on his trotter Thought against White Eagle, the Indian, Charles Price and James McLeavy, each running ten miles. The race took place in Haverly's mammoth pavilion. Betting was in favor of the runners. O'Leary proved that he was quite a jockey. McLeavy, the champion of Scotland, ran the first ten miles in 1h. 9m. O'Leary rode the first ten miles in 52m. 36s., amid loud cheers. White Eagle, the Indian, made ten miles in 1h. 11m. 19s. O'Leary rode twenty miles in 1h. 6m. 10s., and completed his thirty miles in 3h. 50m. 36s. Price, the third of the running men then brought their score up to twenty-seven miles and a half. Price kept on running until he had made his ten miles in 1h. 4m. and 26s., making the total time of the three men for the thirty miles 3h. 25m. and 25½s. The fastest mile made by the runners was the twenty-sixth, by Price, in 5m. and 48s. O'Leary's fastest mile on the mare was in 4m. and 34s.

It is now a fixed fact that the sixth contest for the Astley belt and the long distance pedestrian championship of the world will commence on Nov. 1. Any pedestrian in the world who desires to enter can do so by forwarding £100 to the *Sporting Life* in London by Oct. 2, when the entries close. The only Americans so far that are to represent America in the coming great contest are Harry Howard, of Montclair, N. J., and William Pegram, the colored pedestrian of Boston. Pegram's backer is Thomas Davis, of New York, who formerly backed Pancho, of Buffalo. He is a noted sporting man, well supplied with money, and will, besides seeing that Pegram has everything needful in such a great trial of speed and endurance, back him heavily to win and bring back the trophy to America. Mr. Davis has secured John Smith, better known as "Happy Jack," to train and coach Pegram. Smith was formerly Frank Hart's trainer. The American will leave this city for England on the 13th inst. Pegram will prove a dangerous competitor for any one that goes against him. He has only started twice in six-day contests, and on both occasions accomplished wonderful performances. In the contest for the Rose belt he covered 527 miles and in the last contest for the O'Leary belt he covered 543½ miles. He will do better this time. Rowell's best record is 524½ miles. Blower Brown will also start in the Astley belt contest.

In the next issue of the Gazette will appear a large picture of H. M. Dufur, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world, who resides at Marlboro, Mass. Dufur is well known all over the world, and has won every match; he has never yet been defeated in a regular match.

THE Bank Clerk's Night Out. With full page illustration and told in a sensational style in that wonderful book, GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM. For sale everywhere. 50,000 copies of the book already sold.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

How Bradley Beat Rankin, and How the Latter Faced His Giant Opponent Until he Fell, Bleeding, Blind and Insensible, in the Ring.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK, BY WM. E. HARDING.

In the next few rounds the fighting was tame, and after 51 rounds had been fought Rankin was very weak.

In the 53rd round Bradley yelled to Rankin, "Come up and fight!" Rankin was advised by Tom Davis, his second, to stand up straighter. He did so, and assumed the aggressive as well as to put in a regular bill-sticker on Bradley's front fence and a couple of open-handed snuffs on his letter-box. Bradley went around as if clambering up some very steep stairs, and delivered a couple of straight stingers on Rankin's frontpiece, the last of which sent him sprawling through the ropes.

In the 57th round there was desperate fighting. Rankin put in a regular pavement-rammer on Bradley's right jaw. A rushing rally ensued. Bradley got in his left on Rankin's jaw. Both stood up and the fighting was desperate. Rankin surprised every one by his style and vim, and many of Bradley's friends for a minute or two had an idea that Rankin would win.

On went the battle, both pugilists standing up and punishing each other terribly for one hour and fifty minutes, and then there was no sign of either hoisting the signals of distress.

Rankin fought better, but he did not have the strength and knack of hitting that Bradley possessed, and was outclassed.

In the 66th round Bradley planted a terrific clip with his left on Rankin's lip, which cut in twain. Rankin was carried to his corner, a pitiable-looking object—one eye closed, his nose beaten to a shapeless pulp, and his upper lip split in two.

It was plain to be seen that Rankin had no chance to win bar a foul, but he continued the fight with the idea that he could tire Bradley out. The latter was determined to win if he could, and told his friends that he would toe the mark as long as he could stand on his legs and see.

In the 73rd round Bradley made Rankin's light-house window sparkle and flicker. He landed a round swinging blow on Rankin's right eye, and the latter fell like an ox in a slaughter house.

Rankin was carried to his corner almost blind, as Bradley's auctioneer had landed on Rankin's good eye, the left being completely shut up.

On went the struggle, and it was still anybody's fight. Rankin was terribly battered up, and how he continued to face the sledge-hammer blows that Bradley was continually delivering was a miracle. The battle had lasted two hours, and yet neither gave any evidence of ending the contest. Bradley began to show signs of weakness, but he was the strongest of the two.

In the 101st round Rankin made a desperate effort to turn the tables, and he planted an auctioneer on Bradley's jaw and fought him to the ropes. A desperate struggle followed and both closed. Rankin fell and his head struck against one of the stakes.

He was carried to his corner and many supposed the battle was over, but on time being called for the one hundred and second round, Rankin staggered to the mark but was quickly fought to the ropes and fell heavily.

In the next ten rounds the fighting was one-sided. Rankin, by the advice of his seconds, kept away from Bradley, while the latter was glad to resort to the resting tactics.

In the 113th round Rankin quickly came to the mark. He led off with a left-hander which opened a deep cut on Bradley's nose. Sharp fighting followed, and after a clinch, Rankin threw Bradley.

The 114th and 115th rounds were desperately contested and Bradley fought Rankin down.

The fighting in the 116th round was decidedly in Rankin's favor and the round ended by Bradley falling to save punishment. Bradley now decided to force the fighting. Rankin was gradually weakening but he was not half whipped and Bradley was beginning to be anxious and afraid that Rankin might out-last him.

On went the battle until one hundred and forty rounds had been fought. Rankin's both eyes were fast closing while his face presented a terribly battered appearance.

Bradley was also terribly punished and his left eye was nearly closed, while his nose was battered out of all shape.

The fighting from the one hundred and fortieth to the one hundred and forty-fifth round was desperate. Bradley improved in his style and fought furiously. Rankin pluckily responded to the call of time round after round only to be butchered, for it was evident, bar some unlooked for accident or a foul, it was impossible for him to win. His left hand was swelled to the size of a boxing glove, while he was nearly blind and fast weakening. His seconds begged of him at the end of the one hundred and forty-first round to allow them to throw up the sponge, but he insisted on fighting.

"I will stand and fight until I cannot see," said Rankin, "then if I am whipped you can't say I was not game."

In the 146th round Rankin managed to punish Bradley heavily about the body, but Bradley's figure-head was made to pay the penalty, for Bradley knocked him staggering against the ropes by a crushing left-hander. Both rallied and stood up and fought until Rankin fell from sheer exhaustion.

Bradley was carried to his corner and showed the effects of the hard fighting.

In the 147th round Rankin came up "groggy" and struck out at random. Bradley measured his man and planted a heavy left-hander on Rankin's nose which sent the blood flying in streams from his battered smelling organ. Rankin rallied and tried to fight but exhausted nature would not allow him to do so.

After a short exchange of blows Rankin hit short and and Bradley fell in an effort to plant a blow on Rankin.

In the 148th round both men were slow at the call of

time. Rankin said, "He can't lick me by sundown. If I was only a little stronger I would soon knock all the fight out of him."

The pugilists had now been fighting two hours and fifty minutes and both were frightfully punished, especially Rankin. How the latter could come up and face the battery of blows that Bradley would deliver puzzled everybody at the ring. Rankin had displayed great pluck and wonderful staying qualities, but had he been fighting Tom Hyer, John Morrissey or even the great Yankee Sullivan, the fight would not have lasted half as long. In fact, either Hyer or Sullivan could have whipped either Bradley or Rankin in an hour or much less time.

Bradley during the fight had not displayed the first rudiments of a pugilist worthy to battle for the championship of America, and although both had displayed great pluck and stood the battering process like Trojans, neither could be classed pugilists of the second class let alone champions.

Rankin was beaten in the 130th round, and yet Bradley failed to close the engagement by knocking Rankin out of time.

After the 149th round the fight was tedious and monotonous to all except the patrons interested.

Rankin was reeling all over the ring and Bradley had all he could do to stand on his feet. Little fighting was done, and when the giant pugilist closed Rankin fell from weakness and Bradley staggered over his prostrate form from exhaustion.

On time being called for the 150th round it was evident that the fight would not last much longer and it was hard to tell which would win. Bradley was hable to swoon at any time and Rankin was so terribly beaten that he also was liable to faint from weakness, and the frightful punishment he had received at any time.

Bradley led and managed to land his left on Rankin's damaged eye. Rankin countered, but the blow was harmless. On the next rally Bradley planted blow after blow on Rankin's face which resembled a butcher's chopping block, and he fell bleeding and exhausted, battered out of all semblance of humanity, senseless in the ring.

After the usual thirty seconds had elapsed, Rankin was still unconscious and Bradley was declared the winner and champion of America.

The battle lasted through 156 rounds which were fought in two hours and fifty-six minutes.

Rankin's both eyes were closed when his battered mass of humanity was carried from the ring while his head and face were terribly cut, bruised and swelled.

Bradley was terribly battered about the body, while his lips were swollen to twice their natural size and his body resembled the parchment of an old drum.

The fight created no little excitement, but old sporting men came to the conclusion that neither were first-class pugilists; all they possessed was gameness, but they lacked every other point that Heenan, Hyer and Sullivan have excelled in.

After Bradley defeated Rankin, Hyer and Morrissey were eager to fight him, but the "champion" published a card announcing that he had retired from the ring, and refused to meet the pugilists who had the best claim to the championship.

In the fall of 1857 pugilism was all the rage. Prize fighters were challenging and counter-challenging, and the sporting world was in a state of excitement over proposed battles between the disciples of the manly art.

Barney Aaron, the famous light-weight, was eager to win the light-weight championship, and he had backers ready to pit him to fight anybody that could battle at 124 pounds. Aaron was not long in looking for a customer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't fail to read "The Allen's Adventures and the History of the American Prize Ring, published every week in the Gazette.

A Thieves' Tavern.

Fully described in Second Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere. By mail, 28 cents from Richard K. Fox, publisher, 183 William street, N. Y.

JAMES RILEY of Saratoga, and G. W. Weisgerber of Wheeling, W. Va., will row a 3-mile race, with a turn, for \$1,000 a side, within thirty days.

JOHN KEEN defeated G. T. Edmund in a ten-mile bicycle at Cardiff, winning \$100. It was a close race. Keen won by two yards in 33m. 24½s.

S. RAINE of Canada, ran five miles in 27m. 28s., at the Caledonian games, and he beat the crack Arizona Indian runners, Antonio, Bob and Jim.

BROOKLYN sporting men are trying to coax Johnny Dwyer to fight Paddy Ryan. If Dwyer would consent to fight the Troy giant he could be backed for \$5,000.

In next week's issue of the GAZETTE will appear portraits of Miss Emma Jewett and Belle Cook, the victor and the vanquished in the twenty-mile equestrian race for \$5,000 at Minneapolis.

THE Pacific Life makes the statement that N. S. Haley, of the Olympic Athletic Club, of San Francisco, recently ran a quarter of a mile in 49½s. and 220 yards in 22½s. The 220 yard time is faster than the best record in the world, amateur or professional, and the quarter-mile performance has been equalled by only one amateur in the world.

At Oxford, England, Jack Cook and Tommy Sturck fought with gloves, Queensbury rules, for £50. After the pugilists had fought forty-five minutes, Sturck, through heavy hitting from Cook, had recourse to throwing tactics, and was cautioned twice by the referee. He desisted for some little time, but when they were contesting the fifteenth round he infringed the rules, when the referee declared Cook the winner. The fight lasted fifty-eight minutes, and fifteen rounds were fought.

JACK Macdonald, the trainer of John C. Heenan, and who seconded the great American pugilist when he fought Tom Sayers, is now Alf Greenfield's (the present English champion) backer and trainer. Regarding Greenfield's challenge to fight Tom Allen, Paddy Ryan or any man in the world, Macdonald writes to *The Sporting Life* that he will guarantee £100 on behalf of Greenfield for the latter to fight any man in the world for from £300 to £500 a side, in two month's time. Greenfield is willing for the match to be decided anywhere over 100 miles from either Birmingham or Leicester.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made in England for a grand International rowing regatta for the single-scutt championship of the world. Prizes amounting to £1,000 (\$15,000) will be offered and divided between the four leading oarsmen. The race will be rowed over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, in December. The Halifax Rowing Association have decided to enter Warren E. Smith in the race, providing only Trickett of Australia, Boyd and Elliott of England, Courtney and Reiley of the United States, and Hansen and Ross of Canada, are allowed to compete.

THE twenty-mile equestrian race for \$5,000 between Miss Belle Cook, of California, and Miss Emma Jewett, the lady champion equestrienne of Minnesota, took place in Minnesota on Sept. 7. About 5,000 persons were present, and great interest was manifested in the race, as the ladies were two of the best equestriennes in this country. According to the conditions, relay horses were provided, so that when one animal was jaded or fatigued another could be used. Both ladies made an imposing appearance, and early in the contest proved that they were first-class equestriennes. The race was close and very interesting up to the seventh mile, when what might have been a fatal accident put an end to the race. Miss Jewett was thrown from her horse by the saddle turning and injured herself so seriously that the contest ended and Miss Cook was awarded the \$5,000. Misses Jewett and Belle Cook's portraits will appear in the next issue of the GAZETTE.

SPORTING circles in New York were excited on the 7th inst., over a prize fight between Martin Neary, the noted pugilist, better known as "Fiddler" Neary, and Mike Mullary, of Providence, R. I. The fight was an impromptu affair, and neither of the pugilists had any training. Neary, since he was liberated from the Trenton, N. J., state prison, where he served two years for seconding Walker, who was killed in the ring by Weeden, has been boxing at O'Neary Geoghegan's Bastille, 105 Bowery, until a few days ago. He had a dispute with Tom Lane, the English pugilist, and was eager to fight the latter for \$200, but Lane did not want to fight because he retired before he came to this country. Neary then went for Geoghegan, but the latter soon settled him up in short order. Fiddler Neary left Geoghegan and his Bastille in the Bowery a sad but wiser man. Since Neary has been looking for fight and the 7th inst., he had a run in with Mike Mullary, a Providence pugilist, who has figured in several local contests. Neary said he could whip the Providence pugilist and Mullary agreed to fight.

The battle ground was a stable in Murderer's Block next to Matt Grace's sporting house No. 12 Houston street.

No time was lost in making the final arrangements.

As soon as the referee called time the pugilists came up to batter each other. Sixteen rounds were fought and bitterly contested. When the fourteenth round was called the fight had been in progress thirty minutes and both men were beginning to tire. Neary was "groggy" and Mullary had the lead in the fighting. The round ended decidedly in Mullary's favor. Delegations of sporting men now began to arrive, and the pugilists were afraid that the police would arrive. Neary made a desperate effort to win, but Mullary was too strong and in better condition than Neary. Only three more rounds were fought, when Mullary knocked Neary out of time by a blow on the jaw.

Neary's friends saw their man was whipped and would not let him fight any more and the fight was called a draw.

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